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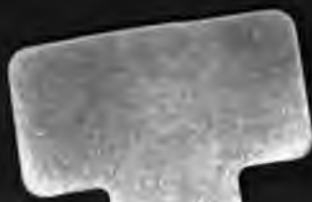
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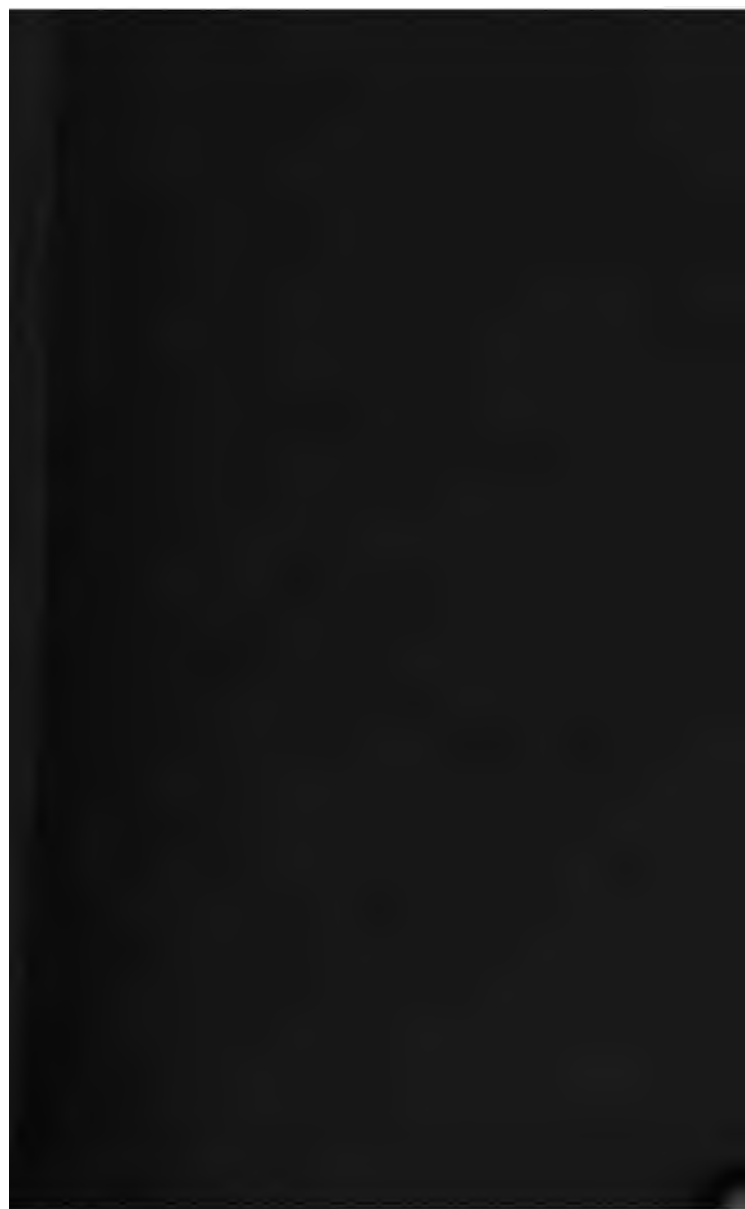
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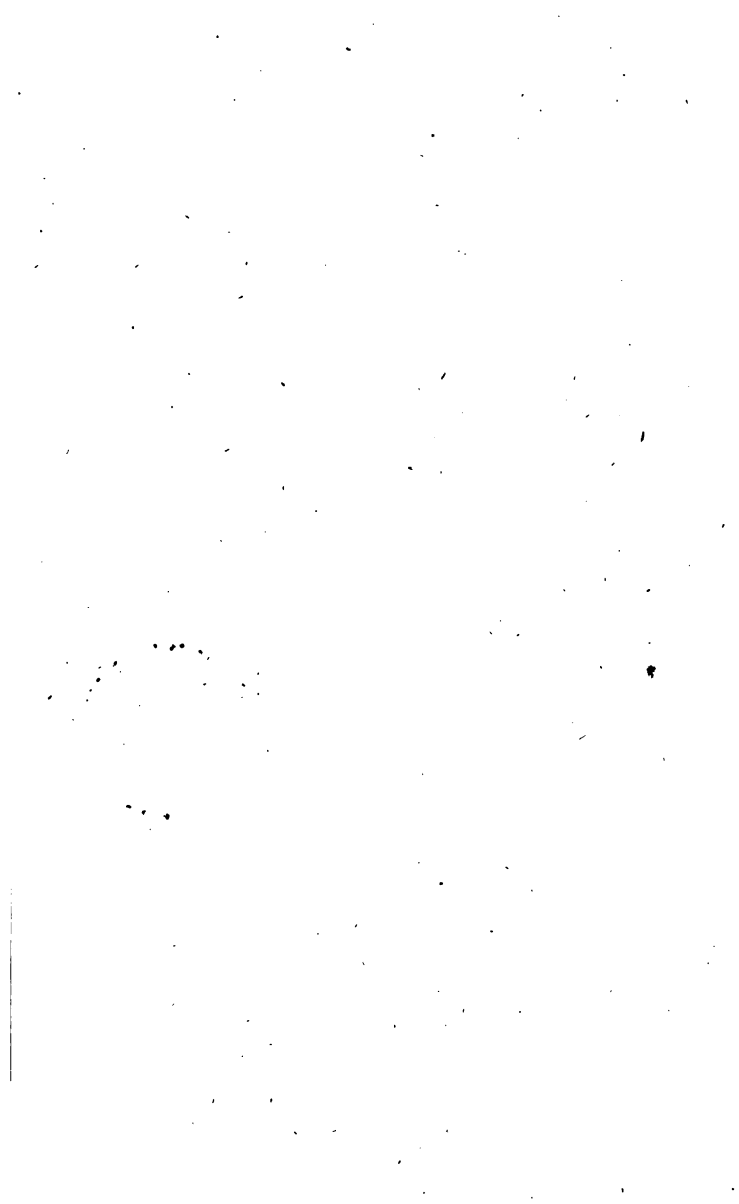




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N U T S

FOR

BOYS TO CRACK.

BY

REV. JOHN TODD, D.D.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

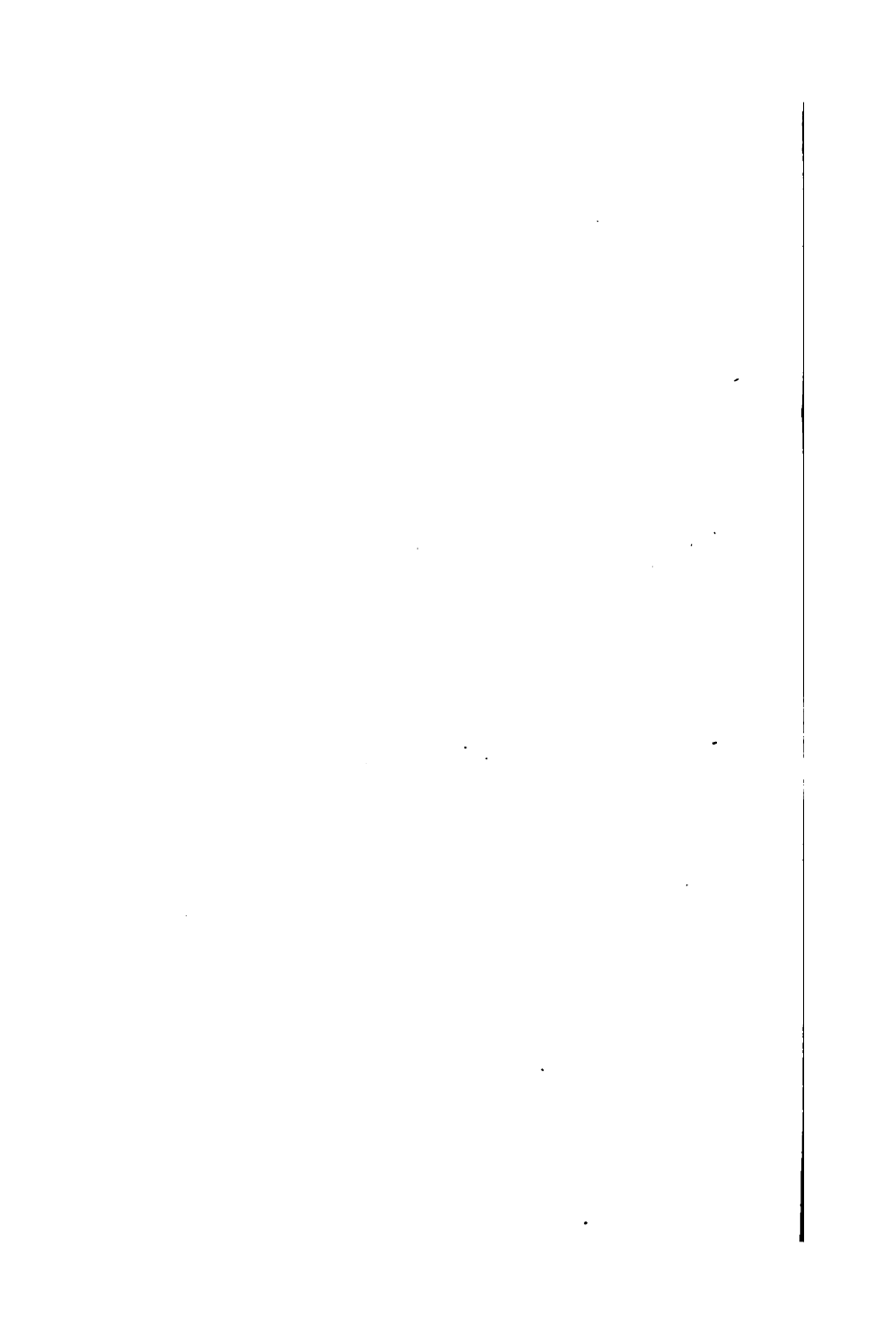


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NUTS FOR BOYS TO CRACK.

The Prairie and the Mountain.

MRS. PRAIRIE was one day looking up into the clear blue sky, and admiring the snowy clouds as they slowly sailed over her. She had just come back from a long retirement, during which she had worn a thick, cold, white robe, under which she had had long and quiet dreams. But lately waking up, recovered in health and spirits, she had been under the hand of Mrs. Spring, a wonderful milliner, who had made her new robes, adorning them with vines and flowers of the most exquisite form and color, and thrown over all a vail of glory

that made her truly queenly. A more gorgeous dress, woven in the loom of Nature, was never seen. But as she gazed on the sky, she happened to turn her eye northward, where she saw a blue object rising up and calmly looking down upon her, as if admiring the proud beauty.

“And who may you be, sir, that has the impertinence to gaze so steadily at a ‘lady?’”

“My name is Mountain, madam.”

“Well, Mr. Mountain, I wont deny that I have heard of you before, standing there alone, on one foot—for though I have heard of the foot of the mountain, I have never heard of his feet—and your cold, bare, hard head lifted up among the clouds, and your brow of stone and your sides bristling with trees, and your heart nothing less than a huge rock. I have heard of your name, Mr. Mountain,

before this ; but pray, sir, if I may ask without giving offence, of what use are you to the world ? I understand they cannot climb your sides nor look to you for harvests, or gardens, or even building spots. There are a few wolves, it may be, that now and then entertain you with their music, and a few feeble rabbits that hop up and down your sides, and perhaps a noisy blue-jay chatters music to you ; and then, sir, I'm told, your head is almost always drenched with rains and swept by storms. Indeed, sir, I cannot for my life see what you are made for."

"Be pleased, madam, to tell me what you are made for."

"Me ! why, you must be blind not to see. Do n't you see I am spread out far and wide ; that in my wild state the deer, the prairie chicken, the beautiful quail, and every animal and bird have

their home in my bosom? Don't you see how, in my wild condition, every flower and beautiful thing that can grow nestle over me? and that when men come, they first admire, then proceed into my bosom, and I give them out wheat and corn and cotton without measure; that enormous granaries are built to receive my produce, and ships carry it all over the world, and that I am the meal-chest of nations? The rains fall upon me, coming from the far-off ocean, and the dews cool me nightly, and a thousand little streams and springs circulate as veins through me, refreshing, gladdening, fertilizing every part of me. They count my contributions by the million, and the world bows to me as a mighty mistress. Now, Mr. Mountain, what can you say for yourself? Of what possible use are you, I beg to know, and by what right do you lift up

your head so high, seeming to say, 'I don't think much of Mrs. Prairie down yonder.' I don't mean to be uncivil, Mr. Mountain, but you know that we ladies have delicate nerves, and it really makes me nervous to look at you—so cold, so stern, so solitary, as if you had n't a friend in the world, and did n't want one."

"Madam," meekly and slowly answered Mr. Mountain, but with a rough kind of voice, "madam, I have but little to say for myself, and do n't pretend to compare myself with you. I have stood here alone for ages, and if I have had but one foot, it has been a strong one. My Maker placed me here with this lofty head and stony form that I might condense the currents of air as they swept over the continent, and form clouds and bring rain. Cloud-making, madam, is my great business; they

gather around my head and sides, they pour their treasures down on me, the waters run into every cavern and hollow I have, and then break out into little springs, gather into ponds and lakes and rivers, and thus the waters come to you and pervade you and cheer you; and there is not a blade of grass, nor a flower on your bosom, nor a stalk of wheat, which is not nourished by the waters condensed and stopped by us mountains. More than forty ponds look to me to keep them filled, and several rivers flow from these. I stand here alone, Mrs. Prairie, receiving no thanks, and no praise; but take me away and every stream that comes to you would be dry, and you yourself, madam, would be a shrivelled-up old lady, with no flowers on your broad skirts and no bread in your hand, shunned by man, and inhabited only by monsters. Your

fertility and glory come from me; and though you will wear out by tillage and become poorer by and by, I have the hope that I shall stand here no less useful, no less necessary, and still honored by those who know my mission. If I am by such as you scorned and 'left out in the cold,' I shall still have the consciousness that the streams that I create manufacture clothing for the same multitudes that come to you for bread."

Thus the mountain ministers to the prairie, and the prairie to man; and thus the North and the South, the East and the West of our land, all need each other, and none can be spared. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

Ponto and Flirt.

PONTO was an old dog and lay on the sunny bank just in front of the laurel bushes, so that he might have all the sunshine and none of the cold winds. He was very mild and grave in countenance, and when you went up to him he would get up, wink hard at you, and seem to say, "Yes, sir, we have met before." He seemed to live in the past, so far as he took an interest in any thing; but he was gentle and kind, and everybody seemed to be Ponto's friend.

Little Flirt was a dog of a different stamp. He was all run and jump, and bark and play. He would often visit old Ponto, and then how he would scamper round him, look knowingly in his eyes, squat and look, and then jump and bound and bark, as if he would say,

"Well, Mr. Ponto, *did* you ever see any thing like that?" Old Ponto would look at him with awful gravity, as much as to say, "That's all well enough in a dog which has not yet come to years of discretion."

But one day Flirt came out to see Ponto on a sober walk. His tail drooped, and his face was grave, and he walked like one going to a funeral.

"Ponto," says he, "I'm going away to live."

"Indeed."

"Yes. I am determined to stay here no longer. *I am resolved to run away.*"

"Pray where will you run?"

"Oh, I do n't know. I'll find somewhere."

'Well, what's the matter?"

"Matter enough. I'm tired of my master. You have always said he was one of the kindest of masters. But now

I know better. You know old *Cub*, the brown horse, don't you?"

"I should think I did. I have run beside him times enough and miles enough to know him."

"Has he not always been a good, faithful old horse?"

"Not always *old*, but always good and faithful."

"Well, he has been sick lately. He has grown very poor. He would stand all day and bite his crib and gnaw the planks, and groan in pain. He has lost his appetite, and I thought he must die. But yesterday, when our master led him out, I thought, 'Well, now he will kill poor old *Cub*, and put him out of pain, or else give him some comforting thing that he can eat.' But instead of that—Oh dear, how dreadful—he took him down to the blacksmith's shop, put the poor fellow in a frame in which they put

oxen when they shoe them, and then turned the leather under him so that he could not stand on his feet, and then put a great stick in his mouth and fastened it open, and then he took a huge piece of flat iron—I believe they call it a *file*—and with that he sawed in between every tooth in the poor fellow's mouth. Poor Cub groaned, and the blood ran, but no matter, rasp, rasp went the file, till there was a parting between every tooth. If that a'n't cruelty, I would like to know what is. I am going to run away. The cruel man will be sawing my teeth next. Who knows?"

"Suppose, Flirt, you just run into the stable and see what old Cub is now doing."

Away bounded Flirt, and soon came back with a look of amazement.

"Why, Ponto, as true as you live, old Cub is eating hay as he never ate before."

“Do n’t swear, Flirt, and say ‘as true as you live;’ but now sit down and learn a thing or two, it may do you good as long as you live. You must know then, Oh wise Flirt, that horses were made to eat grass, and to bite it, and draw it into the mouth. This naturally draws their teeth out and spreads them. Old Cub has been shut up in the stall and fed on cut feed for years. The consequence is, his teeth came tight together, and they ached, and this made him have what they call ‘crib-biting,’ or ‘cribbering.’ Now master, by filing them apart, has relieved the pain, and the old horse can eat as well as ever. He put him in the ox-frame and fastened his mouth open only as the easiest way to do it—easiest for the horse. So you, young dog, see that it was not cruelty but kindness in our master to file old Cub’s teeth.”

“Oh, I see it, I see it all. What a fool I was. I will never doubt my master again.”

Oh, my son, you will often meet things in divine Providence that seem strange to you, and which look as if God was not wise or good; but when these come to be explained hereafter, we shall see that in every thing God is wise and good and merciful. We cannot always understand what he does, but “just and true are all His ways.” Remember Flirt when you are tempted to doubt His wisdom or His goodness.

Shooting the Shark.

THE great ship-of-war lay at easy anchor in the beautiful bay, and the waters slept around her, smooth as a

mill-pond and silvery as glass. The sailors were idly moving here and there on the ship's deck, for there was nothing to be done. The old boatswain, a favorite with all, was among them, telling his long stories, or as they called it, "spinning his long yarns." Among this crew was a bright little boy, a son of the old boatswain, the idol of his father and the pet of all the sailors. He was so cheerful and bright and good-natured, that there was nothing which they would not do for "little Jem." The morning was warm, and the water just of the right temperature for bathing. A group of the sailors leaned over the side of the ship, and seemed greatly delighted with something they saw. It was "little Jem," their pet, far out from the ship swimming alone. He could whirl over, dive, float, or shoot forward like a duck.

"Boatswain," cried one, "what a swimmer little Jem is."

"Aye," says the father, "he seems to take to the water kind o' natural. I never had to teach him."

"Boatswain, boatswain, a shark! a shark! Oh, he will get Jem in one minute more."

The old man leaped up, and a single glance took it all in. There was his son playing in the water, lying on his back, unconscious of any danger, and a huge shark making straight towards him, and it was plain that in a moment more he would be crunching the limbs of the boy. The old man remembered that one of the cannon was shotted. Quick as a flash, and with almost superhuman strength, he wrenched the gun in place, depressed the muzzle, aimed a few feet between the child and the shark—just where the fish would be in a single in-

stant. The match was applied, the gun roared and reeled. The poor father sank down beside the gun, too faint to look. The smoke of the gun cleared away, and up rose a shout from the sailors, almost as loud as the roar of the gun.

“What is it?” calls the father.

“Oh, Jem is safe. There lies a shark, dead and torn in pieces. How could you move the gun, and sight her, and get her off so quickly and so accurately?”

“I don’t know, but I believe God helped me. Wont some of you bring Jem to me?”

The next moment a boat was lowered and the oars were bending as she cut her way to the boy. He had just begun to understand the thing, and was paralyzed with terror. Gently they lifted him into the boat, and in a few minutes

placed him in the arms of his weeping father. The old man seemed to receive him as from the dead, and could only rock him in his arms and cry like a babe. The tars around so far sympathized with him that they welcomed Jem again as if he had come from the dead.

How wonderful that Providence that stepped in, and from a source so uncommon and unsuspected, sent salvation to the life of that child. The only man who could have managed the gun so quickly and accurately, the only man who thought of the thing was the father. And when life and death hung on an instant of time, and on the accuracy of his eye and the steadiness of his hand, how he had them all in full use as long as needed.

My little reader, there are sharks after you, with wide jaws and sharp teeth—coming directly towards you.

Will any power come in between you and them and save you? Have you a Father watching over you who will see that you are safe?

There is one boy who has several sharks after him in the shape of companions who are profane, unclean in conversation, who are trying to make him swear and drink and smoke. Will they succeed? Will his heavenly Father send in some power that will save him? Perhaps the prayers of his mother, or the gentle voice of his sister, or the loving heart of some good boy may be the instrument. Perhaps his Sabbath-school teacher will become that power. Perhaps the Holy Spirit will do it.

There is another boy who has a shark coming towards him in the temptation to forget the fifth commandment, and not to honor his father and his mother. The hour that he does this he puts himself

out beyond the promise of life, and his end may be near. There is a third upon whom the shark, in the form of doubt and unbelief, has fastened his eye. Will he reach him and destroy his faith in his mother's prayers, in his father's religion, in the word of God, and in the name and salvation of Jesus?

Oh that between every child and his great spiritual danger there might come a power *loud as the cannon's roar, quick as the speed of a ball, and sure as the eye of a loving father.*

The Power of Memory.

A BEING fair as the dawn, with bright hair and a clear eye, came and bent over the cradle and kissed the new-created infant. Her name was Hope. Just then a little sister brought it a

flower, at which the child clapped its hands joyfully, when Hope promised that it should soon gather fairer flowers for itself.

The infant grew and became a boy. At a summer's twilight he was amusing himself alone, when another being, with a sweet, serious face, came and sat down by him. Her name was Memory, and she said, "Look thee behind thee, boy, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see a beautiful path bordered with flowers. Butterflies spread their gay wings over it, and birds sing all round it. It seems as if it was a path that I had trodden, for the little foot-prints in it look like my own, and the cradle at its end—so very near—looks like mine."

"What art thou holding in thy hand?"

And he answered, "A book which my own dear mother gave me."

"Bring it to me and I will turn it

into honey when thy hair shall be turned grey."

The boy became a youth. Once he found Hope and Memory both sitting beside him. Hope broke out into a song, sweet as that which the lark sings as she shakes off the dew of night and rises up to greet the morning. "Follow me," said Hope, "and thy heart shall sing like a harp with golden strings."

"Oh Hope," said Memory, "let him be mine also, and while he keepeth virtue in his heart we shall be to him as sisters as long as he liveth. Thou wilt lead him to accumulate, and I will keep for him all that is worth keeping." So he gave a hand to each, and both blessed him.

He became a man. Hope came and girded him for duty every morning, and every night he supped at the table of

Memory, with a delightful guest whose name was Knowledge.

At length Age found the man, and Time sprinkled his hoar-frost on his temples. His eye became dim, and the chambers of the ear became confused, and the warm blood in his veins moved cold and slow, and he thought it was the earth, and not himself, that had changed.

Memory came and sat down by the chair of the old man, and looked at him with loving eyes. And he said, "Memory, sister dear, thou dost not keep my jewels safely. I fear some of them are lost."

Mournfully and meekly she replied :

"It may be so. The lock of my casket is worn ; and sometimes I am weary and fall asleep, and then Time comes and purloins my key. But of the gems thou gavest me when a child and a youth, I have lost none. See, they are as bright

and beautiful as on the day I received them." Memory looked pitifully on him, and the old man had learned to forgive. Hope began to show him a wing which another sister, called Faith, had been making, and he smiled.

The aged man lay down to die. As his soul went forth from the body, the angels took charge of it. But Memory went up by his side, and with him passed through the gates of heaven. But poor Hope stopped at the gate and there expired, like a dying rose giving its sweetest odours out as it dies. But just as she expired she beckoned to a beautiful angel, whose name was Immortal Happiness, and committed to her the spirit she had so long attended on earth. "Religion," said she, "has planted in that soul such seed as will make it thine for ever. I shall not be needed more."

Her dying words were like the music

of some breaking harp, mournful, but sweet, and the angel replied, "Dear earth-born sister, Hope must die, but Memory is as eternal as the books from which men are judged. From her tablets not one deed of earth can ever be erased."

The Persian Traveller.

THE Persian traveller came to our country to see "the new world," as he had heard it called. On his arrival, instead of finding a few huts with thatched roofs, as he expected, he found a great rich city, the largest he had ever seen. The great ships lay at the wharves; the tall masts looked like a forest; and the harbor was full of shipping of all kinds. So he landed, and went to the hotels, and travelled through the different states;

saw the farms, the factories, the schools, and the benevolent institutions, such as hospitals, asylums, and the like. At length he reached Washington. Congress and the Senate were about to adjourn. Among other things he felt very anxious to see the President of the United States. A friend walked with him to the White House, and introduced him.

“Well,” said the President after the compliments of the introduction, “what do you think of our country?”

“Sir, I have no words to express my wonder.”

“Will you please explain yourself?”

“Why, sir, on my arrival they carried me to a magnificent palace, which they call a hotel. We have no palace in Persia as large. When I came to travel, instead of riding a donkey or a hired horse, and moving at the rate of twenty

miles a day, they put me into a beautiful house, and whirled me off three hundred miles a day. Then I said, 'Why, their very caravans are better off than our richest citizens are at the homes which have taken generations to adorn.' Then, sir, they took me to a great palace-looking building where hundreds of blind people were gathered together, and where they read with their fingers, and where they made sweet music, and were very happy. 'Oh,' I said, 'the very blind in this land are better off than those who have eyes in my country.' Then they took me to another such place, where those were gathered together who could not hear or speak; but they could read and write any thing, and could talk with their fingers by making signs. Ah, those in this country who are born dumb are better off than those in my country who can hear with both ears. No ears

and no eyes are here better than two ears and two eyes at home. Then, Mr. President, I came to Washington. To my amazement I found no army here, no body-guard for the chief magistrate of this great nation. I hear that you, sir, were up at the capitol last evening till after midnight, signing the bills which Congress passed, and then in the dark you walked quietly home alone, without a guard or anybody to defend you. I see no army in all the states where I have been; and one live governor of a great state I actually found out with his hired man planting potatoes. Sir, to one who has been born and brought up where armies and swords are everywhere, this state of things has amazed me beyond expression."

"Do you like it?"

"Oh more than I can describe to you?"

“How do you account for it?”

“Sir, there is only one answer to that question. *Your land is governed by the Bible, mine by the sword.* Your Bible has done tenfold more for you in a few centuries than the sword has done for us for ages. Here you don’t see the law; you don’t hear it. It is a sort of thing that seems to dwell in the air, out of sight; but it comes down the moment it is called. With my country, law is made material; it is in armies and guns and guards. It is like wearing a heavy iron mail shirt, instead of the loose cotton shirt. Your Bible has made schools and colleges and institutions of learning; our sword never reared a school-house in all Persia. Your Bible makes readers; and so you have papers and magazines and books, and a reading, thinking nation. Our sword makes no readers, no thinkers, no teachers of good

things. Oh, sir, there is no department of life in which we are not centuries behind you. I find that your people don't know what has made this nation what it is ; but it is plain to me. And now, sir, I beg your pardon for talking so long, and telling you what you know ; but you were so good as to ask my opinion, and I could not give it in fewer words. May you, sir, live twelve thousand moons, and your country live as long as the sun and moon endure. I thank you, Mr. President, for the light of your face, and that I may go home telling my countrymen that great position and high office never look so majestic as in their naked simplicity."

The president and the traveller both arose, shook hands, smiled, made each a low bow, and the traveller went on his way. The president was heard to say to himself, "The fellow is right."

Air-line Postboys.

A FATHER was going to the telegraph-office to send a message to a distant city. He held the paper containing the words in one hand, and led his little girl, between two and three years old, in the other. Just before they reached the office they passed the wires of the telegraph on the high poles.

"Now, father," said the child, "please lift me up and let me put the paper on the wires."

This was her idea of sending by the telegraph. And had the paper been laid on the wires, and then flown off in an instant, and anon come back with the answer, it would hardly have been more wonderful than the way messages are sent. Go into such an office at midnight, the darkest night you ever saw.

One little lamp stands by the instrument. You give your message to the operator. He makes a few quick thumps or knocks, and in an instant your message is in a distant city, perhaps two hundred miles off. In another instant the answer comes back. How much like magic! What travelling! We should think the speed would melt the wires. "Electricity—it's all done by electricity," they tell us. But pray, what is electricity? It is not thought; for it never carries a message till some human mind sends it. It is a kind of postboy running over the wires as fast as our thoughts can go, with the message in his pocket. I sometimes stop near one of the wire-poles, and look at the wire as it seems to ache by hard stretching—cold and lonely and useless. But as I look at it I seem to have a new and lively interest awakened, and I wonder if the

electricity that spins over these wires touches every particle of the iron, or does it leap as the hound does when chasing the deer? I wonder if it goes inside of the wire, or on the outside, or does it occupy every part of it? I wonder if it leaves a heat in its fiery path; for it is fire as much as the lightning is fire. There now; I see the wire quivers. Is it because the wind blows, or because the messages are going on it? I can almost hear the clinking of the operative's machine, and by a kind of indescribable process, I seem to be able to read the messages as they fly along, one after another. Now then, that message tells the far-off friends that they have a new-born child at home, and as it is read, a dozen voices all at once shout for joy, and each one is contriving what little thing he can send to the little stranger, "whom not having seen" they "love." So we *can* love an

immortal thing which we have never seen. So we *can* love Jesus Christ, though we have not seen him.

Now then, that message tells of sickness: "Very sick; come immediately." The very wires seem sad. What a stir that message creates! How they hurry off to "call father," and help mother to pack up; and how they tremble and silently drop tears all over the house, but try to "hope for the best," and keep cheerful, and give courage to the sinking heart of the mother. She wonders if she can get there to see her child alive, or whether she is going to his funeral.

Ah, then there goes one bearing no doubtful message. It is to that large, beautiful house. It tells them that he, the husband and the father, is dead, and will be buried on Thursday. What a blow! They are stunned; they seem crushed. Heavy shadows fall on that

dwelling, never again to be lifted up. I can almost hear the feet of the strangers who will soon possess and occupy that beautiful home. The hand that provided for all, and that held them all together, is useless now, and they must first mourn, then feel disappointed, and then scatter.

Here goes a message telling that the wanderer over the world has arrived, and will be at home shortly ; and they go to kill the fatted calf and make ready. And here is one telling of the failure of a great firm, and scores are bankrupt thereby, and hundreds and even thousands must suffer by the fraud. So they go, carrying—these nimble postboys—tidings of births and deaths, marriages and greetings, fortunes made and lost, broken bones and high fevers, and all the joys and sorrows, the surprises and the disappointments that make up the

lot of man. This "air-line" road never stops, nor tires, nor wears. Day and night, summer and winter, its bosom is filled with human joys and sorrows, without any sympathy or suffering itself.

"Well, what do all these meditations lead to?" says the reader. Why, kind friend, they lead me to feel that He, the Infinite One, who made this electricity to carry human thoughts and feelings thus, must have that invisible telegraph by which *prayer* directly reaches his ear. I feel too that it would kill me to listen to all that passes over these wires in a single day; and yet the joys and sorrows of His church and of a world, and we know not how many worlds, rise up continually before him, and still his ear is not heavy, nor his arm shortened, because he is an infinite Redeemer, "God over all, blessed for ever."

The Artichoke.

"I COULD never see," said a gardener to himself, "what these artichokes were made for. They take up room, are hard to grub up, and are of no earthly use. I wish I could kill every one of them."

This he said as he was trying to root them out, in early spring, from his garden. Just then he heard a voice.

"I say, Coleman, have you such a thing as a single artichoke in your garden? I very much want one."

"Why, I had a plenty, but have just given them all to the pigs. Why do you want it, Mr. James?"

"You know that I have a sick child. She is confined to her room, and has little appetite. She was saying to me this morning that she thought she should relish an artichoke cut up in vinegar. I have

been almost everywhere, and can't find any. The river is between you and me, or I would ask you to let me come and search your garden further."

"Hold on a minute, sir, and I'll see."

Coleman slowly and not very cheerfully began to dig again, and to his unexpected joy—for we all love to feel that we have done something to comfort the sick—he soon found a nice artichoke.

"Well, here's one ; but how shall I get it over the river ?"

"Throw it, and I will do my best to catch it and keep it from being crushed on the ground."

"There ; thank you, thank you much," said Mr. James as he went off rubbing his hands, which the artichoke hurt as he caught it.

The humble artichoke was carried home and nothing said about it till the invalid saw the thin, delicate slices in

the little plate at her dinner. How she thanked her father, and wondered what ailed his bruised hand, I need not tell.

From that day onward Coleman began to take an interest in the invalid, and would often send her a bouquet or some single beautiful flower. His thoughtful remembrance awakened an interest in the heart of the sick one also in his behalf.

Some months after the digging of the artichoke the invalid called to her father and said,

"I hear the pretty little cottage on the bank of the river is to be sold. Now, father, why would not that be just the thing for Coleman? He wants a home, and has, I hear, a few hundred dollars saved. It seems to me to be just the thing for him."

"I never thought of it; but I will inquire."

Hardly had Mr. James got out of doors when he met his friend Coleman in a state of evident excitement. He had walked fast, and was flushed.

"Oh, Mr. James—just the man I wanted to see."

"What is it, Coleman?"

"Why, sir, the Beede place is going to be sold, and Susan and I *do* want it so much. But there are two things that trouble us: first, we don't know as it would be good property to buy; and secondly, we don't know how to pay for it. We have saved half enough, but don't know what to do for the rest. What do you advise us, sir?"

"By all means to buy it. As to its being a good bargain, I have just had the opinion of one who seldom misjudges on that point."

"Who is that, sir?"

"The sick one for whom you dug the

artichoke last spring. As to the other half of the pay, tell the owner I will be responsible if he wants other security besides yours."

Away bounded Coleman with a tear in his eye. The cottage was bought, the rose-bushes were trimmed, the little garden was planted, and a prettier, cosier place was not to be found.

Years afterwards, Susan one day, just at night, found her husband in the garden, leaning on his hoe, and great tears rolling down his cheeks. She came up to him and said gently, "What *is* the matter, John?"

"I am crying over my own thoughts, Susan. Many years ago I was digging in my garden when Mr. James called to me to find him an artichoke for his sick child. Very reluctantly and feeling cross, I dug and found one—only *one*. I tried for no more. That artichoke

made that young lady our friend, and it was through her means that we had our pleasant little home, and have got it all paid for. We have been happy here. Mr. James has ever been our warm, firm friend. But that dear young lady has been in her grave for years. I never think it over without also thinking how much grew out of one poor artichoke, and how wrong I was to be so unwilling to do that little kindness for her. Oh if she were alive I feel that I should love to go right up there and ask her forgiveness."

"She's done with all that, John; but we will never forget her—no, nor even the poor artichoke."

Walking.

WE should probably be frightened if we knew how often we come near to death. Almost every one can recall the time and place when he was within an inch of losing his life. A single fall may so strike the head as to paralyze us all the rest of life. A single slip on the icy path may break a bone that shall lead us to our graves. I once knew a physician who had one strap of the harness break as he was going down a mountain, and that frightened the horses, and that threw him out of the carriage, broke his bones, and cost his life. A few days since, on one of our terribly cold days, a man went off to the woods to chop wood. He had only a little boy with him. It was several miles from home. In swinging the axe, it struck a very

small twig or branch of a tree, and yet that so turned the axe, that instead of striking the log it struck the full blow upon the poor fellow's knee. The blood flowed, and the man fell. The frightened little boy ran for help; but instead of going to the nearest house, his little feet went all the way home. The consequence was that when help reached the poor sufferer he had fainted and the wound was frozen. It resulted in his having the lock-jaw, and his consequent death. And yet how often is the axe swung among the brush, and men escape death.

I sometimes stop and watch a bare-footed little boy. He runs like a squirrel, and is nearly as lively. He does not stop to see where he is to put down his foot, or even think of it. On he rushes. Should he step into a hole, it might cost him a broken limb. Should he step on

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a nail, it might cost him the lock-jaw. A little nail would first bring a smart, then a pain, then a swelling, and at length end in death, most likely. Now who guides his little feet?

Each little child takes from four thousand to nine thousand such steps every day. Why don't more of the little creatures step wrong and get hurt? How many such steps in a year, and in ten years! Why, we are never safe a moment. If we are on the water, the breaking of one single bolt in the ship, the breaking of one strand of the cable, the mispointing of the compass ever so little, might drown all in the great ship. Just see what a multitude of men are walking in one city, in one army, in our country, and over the earth, every day. And yet how few step upon any thing that hurts them. We should think there would be multitudes of sprained ankles,

of wrenched feet, and of bruises. In the dark night it is still more wonderful. And how few are afraid to walk in the night.

The little sparrow that twitters in the rising sun, not knowing where she is to find her breakfast, gives herself no anxiety. At the right time and place she will find the little worm waiting for her. The little bee goes singing away from her hive, not knowing where she will find her sweet honey, but she gives herself no anxiety. There has been a hand before her to sow the flowers, and to have their sweetness all ready at her coming. How tired the mother sometimes becomes in watching two or three little ones during the day, to see that they do not get burnt, or run over, or thrown down, or cut with a tool, or hurt otherwise. What a work if she had this to do for all the children in the world. Yet

God does this every moment for all that live—seeing that the child puts down his little foot in the right place, seeing that the swift horse does not run over him, seeing that his food does not poison him, and that he shall be safe day and night. It gives me a wonderful thought of God's greatness, just to see men walk the streets, doing it year after year, he keeping "their souls from death, their feet from falling, and their eyes from tears." None are so great that they can do without God, and none are so small as to be forgotten by him.

Ask a little boy how many fingers he has on his right hand, and he will tell you "five;" and how many on the left hand, and he says, "five." Ask him how he knows, and he will tell you "it is *so easy* he can't help knowing." Yes, easy to *him*; but could a dog know how many? He says, "No." Very well; this shows

the boy that he knows more than the dog, because he is of a higher nature. Just so God knows how many hairs there are on every head. The reason is, his nature is so great "he can't help knowing," any more than the boy can help knowing how many fingers he has. Every thing, even the walking of your feet, shows that God is everywhere, and that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

The Little Boy on Crutches.

THE snow was falling fast as we stood over the open grave, just ready to let gently down into its silence the beautiful form of a little child about three years old. All must have been struck by the pale, the very pale face of the father, and have said in their thoughts, "Poor

fellow, you will soon follow her." All must have noticed the almost wild look of the mother as her child was about to be buried in the dark, cold grave. The snow lay in the bottom of the grave, and it lay white on the coffin. But did they notice a little lame boy, two years older than the little sister about to be buried, as he leaned on his small crutches over the corner of the grave, and looked so earnestly into it? He was very small, and very pale, and the first look at him showed you that he must be a cripple as long as he lived. He had lost his little sister, his playmate, the other self. No voice had been so gentle, and no heart so loving to him, as hers. He shed no tears. He stood like a marble figure upheld by crutches. But his little bosom heaved as if it would burst; and though he uttered no sound, I felt sure that he was sincerely mourning. The men un-

consciously pushed him back as they finished the burial. Oh, how meekly those little crutches took him back out of the way. I felt that I wanted to take him up in my arms and weep over him. No one thought of him, save the One who took little children in his arms and blessed them.

The family returned from the burial. Each one thought so much of his own grief, that the little lame boy was not thought of—as needing consolation.

But from that grave the little fellow began to droop and wither. It was soon noticed that he ate but little, and in the night would be heard, as with a low voice he repeated them over and over, the little hymns that he used to repeat with his little sister. They thought it the grief of a child, and that a new sled, and new playthings would banish it. But the arrow had gone in too deeply

to be thus drawn out. For hours he would go and sit in the little nook where he and Jessie used to play, with his chin in his thin hand, thinking, thinking. Sometimes he would ask if Jessie could "remember now," or if she would "love him still," or if they supposed "she sang the same hymns where she was gone" which they used to sing together, or if "she would know him if she should meet him *without any crutches*." The hymns that spoke of Jesus and his love, of heaven and its rest, of the angels and the redeemed, seemed to be his delight. Though he seldom mentioned Jessie's name, it became after a time well understood that he thought only of her. He laid aside his playthings as of no use, but would bend over her little drawer and earnestly gaze at what her tiny fingers once handled.

Slowly and gently his life began to

ebb out. He had no sickness, made no mention of pain, had no cough, and medicine could do nothing for him. When he came to take his bed, from sheer weakness, he begged that he might lie on the very bed and on the same spot where Jessie died. Sometimes in the night he would be heard to utter a suppressed moan; and when his mother hastened to him and inquired what he wanted, he would only say, "I want Jessie. Do you think she has forgotten me?" "I want to go to Jessie; and she will tell me all about it." Once, just before the angel of dismissal came for him, he was heard to break out almost in a shout.

"What is it, my son?" said his mother.

"Oh, I thought Jessie had come."

"No. But, my child, you are going to Jessie. You will soon see her."

"Ah, I know. But I wish I could

carry her something. And yet I know she has better things there."

The little crutches are now standing in the corner of the mother's chamber, leaning against the little bureau that held Jessie's clothes and things. His little hat hangs just over the crutches. The pale face is there no more. Side by side the two small graves are seen under the great hemlock that tenderly spreads its shade over them. The cold winds of winter whistle over them; but where are the children? Did Jessie know him "without crutches?" Is he lame and pale and moaning now? Or is the Good Shepherd leading them to still waters, and educating and training them up in that pure and bright world? There is no little boy on crutches looking into the grave of a sister there.

1. Boys—Their Mistakes.

AMONG the many good things written and printed to guide ministers and rulers, fathers and mothers, and the like, I do not recollect of a good article addressed to Boys, or for their special benefit. These are not young men, nor yet children. They are boys; and I look upon them with great interest. They are soon to be young men, and then men; and the interests of the church and of the nation will be in their hands.

Now, my nervous, restless young friend, there is no period of life in which you are in danger of making so many mistakes as in boyhood. So sit down a few minutes and listen, while I point out to you *some* of the mistakes which you are very liable to make.

First mistake: *that parents and teachers often thwart you just because they have the power.*

You know that parents and teachers have often forbid your doing this or that, and directed you to do what you don't want to do, or what you think may just as well be put off, or that might be done in some easier way. Then you feel that you know all about it as well as they do, and better too, and so you have a right to resist and contest the thing, and certainly to grumble about it. It *seems* to you that they love to command, and make you do the very thing that you do n't want to do, and so you ask, "What good will it do?" or, "Why can't I do it some other time?" or you go about it muttering and murmuring, as if greatly abused.

Now understand that this is a great mistake. The parent who will toil from

early dawn till you are asleep in the evening to support you, and who will watch over you day and night when you are sick, loves you too well to lay one command on you which it is not for your good to obey. Does that parent ever bid you crush your finger in a vice, or bruise it with a hammer, or make you freeze your feet in the snow? Does the teacher ever rejoice when you are in pain, or contrive how he can make your head ache? Why then should it give them pleasure to hurt your feelings, or to cross your will, unless they do it for your good? I do not believe that the parent or teacher, in one case out of a thousand, ever thwarts a boy unless he *thinks* it is for his good. To array yourself against this authority, then, is a mistake, but a very common one. I do n't believe a boy ever rebels, or plays truant, or runs away from his

home, without first trying to convince himself that he is right and has been abused, and that his father or teacher is a very hard-hearted creature.

Perhaps you will say, "I would honor my father and my mother if they were only rich, so that we could have every thing we want, and if they were educated and refined—a real gentleman and a real lady; but how can I honor one who is poor and uneducated, and not refined and not respected, and who is at times impatient and fretful, and sometimes even violent and passionate?" My dear boy, God knew there would be just such parents, and he knew how hard it would be to respect and honor such; and so he has provided for it in two ways: first by laying his own command upon us, and secondly by promising us a special reward: "Thy days shall be long," the first and last command with a promise.

Honor thy father and thy mother because they are thy parents ; and though they may make mistakes sometimes, they mean to seek only your good.

Second mistake : *that any thing vulgar or sinful can be manly.*

Boys sometimes, perhaps often, get the notion that it is manly for a boy to smoke, or to use tobacco, because men, and respectable men do it ; that to use profane or vulgar or obscene language is manly ; that to be irreverent and low in speech is manly, because men do so at times. A sad mistake, I assure you. If such men are allowed in good society, it is in *spite* of these things, and not in consequence of them. I have never seen a father who, as I thought, really wanted to have his boy learn to smoke, or to be vulgar or profane ; and what would you think of a father who every morning at family worship should pray that

his son might that day learn one more vulgar expression, learn to use one more intense oath, or might learn to blaspheme the name of God with new glibness? Now is it right to *do* any thing for which we may not pray? And what would your mother say if in the morning she should find her boy kneeling down and praying God to help him to be more profane, or to use viler language than ever before? And yet you know that many a boy will use language and oaths and vile speech during the day, on which he dares not think when he meets God alone in the dark. Know then, my boy, that if you think that any thing that is low or vulgar, or such as you would not want to say or do before your mother or sister, is manly, you are mistaken. "Sin is a reproach to any people," and to none more so than to young people. And as to those low, vile men who would teach

you vile things and encourage you to be vulgar or profane, shun them as you would demons from the bottomless pit.

Third mistake: *that you can break off bad habits any time you please.*

You will often meet with boys who boast that they are not tied by bad habits; that at any time they please they can stop doing this or that; they can stop having wicked thoughts whenever they please; stop using profane language, and have the imagination and words all pure whenever they please; but let them *try*, and then see. The trouble is, they wont "please," and they wont try to do it. You might just as well dip your hands in tar and keep that on them for a month, and then say, "Oh I can wash it all off in a moment, whenever I please." You might just as well swallow poison and say, "I can throw it all out of my system any mo-

ment I please." What would you think of a boy who should play with a mad dog or a rattlesnake under the belief that he could expel the poison of its bite at any moment? No. Sin is like pitch, it will stick to you. It is like poison, it will not go out at your bidding. Many a boy drinks this poison through a vile book, a vile picture, or a viler companion, till his soul is defiled, his imagination is polluted, and made a den of unclean things and a rendezvous of unclean spirits all the rest of his life. All the waters of the Nile could not wash such a heart clean. No boy can conceive what shame, what bondage, what remorse and misery he is laying up for himself even in this life, by early or secret indulgence in sin. These sins are like little ropes, but they drag you into the bottomless pit. The waters of Jordan once cleansed one leper, and that

was a miracle ; but no waters can make your soul pure when once polluted. It is easy to learn to sin, but to break away from it when once learned is almost superhuman.

My dear boy, there are *five* more mistakes which I want you should consider, and they will form the subject of another article.

2. Boys—Their Mistakes.

CARRYING ON the thoughts above suggested, I remark upon other mistakes which boys make.

Fourth mistake: *that study is unhealthy.*

Boys sometimes want to convince themselves and others that they need not go to school, or may neglect to apply themselves when at school, because study hurts them. Now the Bible—and that is full of truth and common-sense—

says that "much study is a *weariness* to the flesh," but it never says it is unhealthy. Why, you have so many mornings and nights of play, so many half-days and so many vacations, that you are in no very great danger of hurting yourself with study. The little delicate girl, with her gentle organization, may injure herself by study, though even she is far more likely to do it by reading sickly novels; but you—the tough, laughing boy—you are in no danger.

But I will tell you what will hurt you far more than study, and that is reading those "dime stories," those vulgar, yellow-covered novels, that kindle your passions and set your brain on fire. These weaken the mind, scatter the thoughts, and bring you into a state which makes study become hurtful. It is a fact that this kind of reading is doing more

hurt in our 'public schools than all the study in the world. You might just as well spend so many hours every day in a hot bath and expect to grow strong, as to spend your time in *this* reading and not grow weak in mind. It do n't hurt you to stretch the mind and make it it think; but it does hurt it to pour such trash into it. The hard student is more likely to be a long-lived man than others. And for a boy to waste his school-days and neglect to prepare his mind for future life under the plea that study will hurt his health, is a mistake so great that it can never in after life be corrected.

Fifth mistake: *that boyhood is an excuse for sin.*

Sometimes when boys are rude, rowdyish, unclean, and profane—outwardly vile—it is said, "Oh they are only boys; they do n't think how it seems;" or

"They are only sowing their wild oats now, they will be better by and by." But where does God give you permission to give your beautiful boyhood to sin? Where does he tell us we shall outgrow sin? Where does he tell us that he loves to have us give the dew of our youth to the service of the devil? Is it such a precious privilege to sin, that you must claim it while a boy? Is it something so very desirable, that you claim the privilege of being wicked because you are a boy? Suppose you have lived but a few years, is that a reason why you should be wicked? Suppose a new-created angel should say, "I am an angel, and therefore I want to spend the first part of my life in being profane and rude and vile," would God excuse him? Now bear in mind that God will not hold any one guiltless when he sins, whether he is young or old. Does not a worm-

bite look bad on the red, downy side of the peach? So does sin look on the young. *Men* have great outside temptations to be wicked; but when a *boy* is wicked we know it all comes from his vile heart within. In boyhood too you are sowing the seed of what is to grow and grow as long as you live. It is the seed-time of life, and a terrible harvest often grows up from seed sown in early life. I have never met a wicked man who did not begin to be wicked while young. Ask your parents if they have not found it so.

Sixth mistake: *that bad company will not hurt boys.*

I was once called to see a person dying with the small-pox, and to pray with her. I took every precaution to prevent bringing the disease into my family. I had been vaccinated when a little boy, and therefore felt pretty safe; but after

all, for days I had to suffer and to feel many of the pains and dangers of the disease. But suppose I had *not* been vaccinated, and had *not* been thoroughly prepared, the result would have been that I should have taken the disease, and most probably have lost my life. Now, it is just as impossible for a boy to go into bad company without being injured, as it would be to be exposed to the small-pox without danger. The Bible compares such company to pitch. It will stick. There are boys in almost every street with whom no good, pure boy ought ever to associate. They are teachers of iniquity. You already know their names and faces. "But what shall I do?" say you. What would you do if you saw a mad dog in the streets? Would you go and play with him; or keep as far from him as possible? What would you do if you saw a hooking ox

making towards you? Run from him, would you not? But what if *you* are one of these wicked corrupting boys—then what? Then be ashamed of yourself. Feel what a vile fellow you are when every mother and sister in the street shudders at your name, and dreads you as she would a plague. Humble yourself before God, and ask him to make you a better boy, and not let you become a curse to yourself and a curse to all around you.

Seventh mistake: *that it depends on others, and not on yourself, what your character will be.*

Boys are very apt to think that if they only had rich parents, great advantages, and distinguished friends to help them, they should do well—should study and learn, be industrious, and become valuable men; whereas it depends mainly on the boy himself what he is, and what he

shall become. Almost every boy may have any character he pleases. He may make a merchant, a physician, a lawyer, or a minister of the gospel, if he chooses. And there is no boy whom all the money and all the friends in the world can help, if he is not true to himself. *Not all the lifting in the world can help a boy to climb a tree, if he will not take hold and pull himself up.* You must wash your own face if it is kept clean. It depends much on yourself what you shall be in this life and the next.

Eighth mistake: *that religion was not made for boys.*

This is the greatest mistake any boy ever made. He may think that religion is suitable for his mother, and perhaps his older sister; but for a *boy*—one who feels so lively, and is so unlikely to die, who is so manly, and so wise—what can *he* want of religion? I will tell you, the

oldest man you know will tell you, that it took all the experience of his life to make him humble; the wisest man you know will tell you that he is very far from being wise; and the holiest man will tell you that he feels any thing but holy; and they *all* tell you that you are a child, and need some one to guide you; that you have strong passions, and need some one to calm you. You have no experience, and are liable to make a thousand mistakes; you have a wicked heart, and need some one to make you good. You want to live, and who but God can keep you alive? You want health, and who but the great Physician can keep you well? You want to grow up a man of whom your parents will be proud, whom all will respect, whose influence shall be great and good; you want to be useful in this world, and you want to be happy for ever. Can you

take one sure step towards either of these points without religion ?

Let a boy make up his mind to begin life without God, and very likely God will let him have his chosen way. There is no class in the whole community who would be so much aided by religion as boys ; none upon whom it rests more beautifully, and none whom it can fit for so much usefulness. *I would rather a boy would be a child of God than the son of a king.* The moment you join yourself to God, your whole nature is ennobled ; your powers have new strength, and your heart new and glorious aims. The boy who reads these lines to-day may hereafter be a noble man, in some profession, in some station in which he can be a great blessing while he lives.

My dear boy, do you *want* to be respectable and useful and good ? or do you want to grow up a curse to your-

self, a woe to your friends, a disgrace to your town, a blighted, ruined spirit, lost for ever, to sob and wail to eternity? God says to you to-day, "My son, if thou wilt receive my words in thy heart, and hide my commandments with thee, discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee." "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Till you are a Christian nothing is really done for you; when you are, "all things are yours."

The Top of the Hill.

It seemed as if I never saw the landscape look more beautiful under the soft haze of the Indian summer, with the tints of autumn still lingering on the

forest-trees as my friend asked me to go with him to the top of the hill. The mountains rose high in the west, while here and there, on the hill and in the valley, the clump of trees or the solitary elm gave variety and beauty. The eye took in a wide sweep. A multitude of sheep seemed to be the sole tenants of the region, except as the squirrel uttered his little bark from the stump or the heap of stones.

"You see this beautiful region," said my friend.

"Yes, and I greatly admire it; but I am surprised to see no houses near. I see here and there a very old, rickety barn, and a solitary chimney where a house must have stood; but not a house in sight. What does it all mean?"

"It means that men and women and children have passed away to make room for sheep. You notice the im-

mense flocks of sheep around us. To raise sheep requires a large range of pasture, and so one little farm after another has been swallowed up by the rich man, till the people have all gone—emigrated. On that spot where you see that foundation, near the big butternut-tree, once stood our little red school-house, with thirty scholars. This was once a school district, and families enough lived here to make a good district; now there is not one left: they are scattered all over the land. Every house is pulled down, and few remember the people that once nestled in these beautiful nooks; but for myself I never come here without coming up to the top of this hill, and thinking over the past and recalling the names and faces of my schoolmates. You must know that I graduated in that college.”

“Yes, my good friend ; but you have not numbered yourself among them, when you might have added, ‘One of the most distinguished surgeons of the day.’”

“Well, well—we will drop the surgeon. But you see what a mission this school-house has had, and how character may be born in humble places, and the very nobility of our nature may come from these lowly places. OH THE BOYS OF OUR COUNTRY! LET THEM BE TRUE TO THEMSELVES, AND THEY WILL DO GREAT THINGS FOR THEMSELVES AND FOR THEIR GENERATION.”

An Uncommon Mother.

At the gateway of one of our beautiful rural cemeteries, a large funeral was just entering, as our attention was called

to a very remarkable sight. The bier was resting on the shoulders of four tall noble-looking men in the prime of life. One of these bearers was a judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of the nation. A second was one of the most eminent and accomplished lawyers whom this country or any other can boast. A third was a very distinguished divine whose pen is a great power. And the fourth was the president of the senate of his state. And these remarkable men were all brothers. They stood strong in life, but were bowed and silent and solemn, as if the bier was too heavy for their strength. Very slowly and carefully they trod, as if the sleeper should not feel the motion.

And who was on the bier, so carefully and tenderly borne? *It was their own mother.* Never did I see a grief more reverent or respect more profound. It

seemed to me that the mother's cold heart must also throb in the coffin. A nobler sight, or a more beautiful tribute of love I never saw. They were all doubtless going back in memory to their early childhood, and to the loving care of this best of all earthly friends. They well knew that they, the sons of a village pastor, could never have been trained and educated and fitted to occupy their stations without a very extraordinary mother. They well knew that they owed more to her than to all other human agencies. No shoulders but theirs must bear the precious dust to the graveyard; no hands but theirs must deposit it in its last resting-place.

That body had been inhabited by one of the sweetest, most cheerful and brilliant minds that ever inhabited an earthly tabernacle. It had long too been the temple of the Holy Ghost. What that

lovely woman had done to make her husband's ministry useful and profitable; what she had done in training daughters that are ornaments to their sex; what she had done to make these distinguished men what they are, who can tell? What has not a mother accomplished who has given such an influence to the world? I never see one of these sons, but my thoughts go back to the home of their childhood; and I can hardly keep my eyes from filling with tears as I think of that mother. How many men start upon the stage of life, and feel they are great and are filling great spheres of usefulness, who are really dwarfs in comparison with such a character. When that mother went down to the very brink of the grave that she might bring up life, as her children were born, as she toiled unseen and unpraised through all their training, what an influence was she

preparing to leave upon the world after she should be numbered with the dead ! We may develope ourselves, and think we have done well if we can achieve any thing in life, when, most likely, if any thing valuable in us is developed, we owe it chiefly to our patient, meek, unnoticed mother. She forms the character which we develope. And in too many cases it is our ignorance of the laws of influence, that prevents the mother from receiving that love and respect she deserves.

Heaven will be just where we are not ; and I can find no words in which to express my appreciation of such a friend. Some few who have early lost their mother through death or the loss of reason, come out useful and respectable men ; but they would probably have been much more so, had they enjoyed her love and care. They may well

mourn the loss all their days. The names of the mothers of Moses, of Samuel, of Timothy, and other eminent men are recorded; and so are the names of the mothers of the wicked kings generally recorded, as if to tie them to the disgrace of their sons.

Oh mother, amid all your anxieties and labors, be assured that the time is coming when your name and image will fill the chambers of the memories of your children as no other can. You are garnering up love, respect, and veneration which will gather around your coffin, if not around your dwelling. You will grow in the hearts of your children as long as they live.

Oh son of the good mother, remember that she hath spared nothing that the human heart could yield for thy good. Let thy love and gratitude and reverence flow back upon her; and if

her hair is becoming silvered with age, remember that thy opportunities to minister to her comfort are every day becoming fewer and fewer. God help thee to cheer her.

The Arms of Love.

THERE is something very beautiful in the love between a father and a daughter—the one throwing the strong arm of manhood around the frail little one, and she, like an ivy, clinging to him with a confidence that never doubts. For many weeks I noticed that on such a day and hour a poor man would pass my door, tenderly bearing in his arms his little daughter, about eight or nine years old. He carried her from the dépôt to the medical college, near or quite three quarters of a mile, and in about an hour

he carried her back again. So he must carry her, I know not how far, to and from the cars. How tenderly he embraces her, and how confidently she throws her arms around his neck. Who are they?

This poor child, some months ago, hurt her leg by a fall, as was supposed. Her parents were too ignorant of wounds or sickness to know what to do, till the leg became so bad that they feared she must lose it.

Now in this medical college there is a time set apart twice a week, called a "CLINIQUE," when the poor and suffering may come and receive the best medical advice free of all expense: and it is astonishing how many gladly avail themselves of these opportunities. When the surgeons came to examine this poor child, they found her in a very bad condition. So they gave her something to

smell, which put her into a sleep so sound that she knew nothing of what they were doing. While asleep, they opened the leg and found the bone dead and loose, as if it had been a hard, dry stick in the flesh, irritating it and making it sore. So they took out the whole of the dead bone, and very carefully did up the wound and sent her home. It is to have this leg examined and dressed, that her poor father thus carries her every week. He is too poor to hire a carriage. They do n't talk as they pass along, and I can see that they understand each other.

And what is to be the result? The surgeons could take out the old bone, but could they put in a new one? No, nothing like it. But there comes to the bedside of that child an unseen Physician who works over the limb, and puts in, little by little, what is becoming a

new bone. A new bone is actually growing where the old one was. And in a few months it is thought the child will have the leg all mended, and be able to run round as she used to do. What a wonderful Physician is that! How *can* he put in, particle by particle, atom after atom of soft matter, carried there and left in just the right spot, and then make it harden and turn into bone? What a wonderful Physician!

How good is the Lord. Under no religion but that of Christ has the surgeon and the physician so much skill. It was foretold that "the lame should leap as a hart," and it comes to pass every day. The mind and the skill of the surgeon must all come from God. It is borrowed from him. How wonderful too, that the highest skill in the world is thus at the command of the poor, "without money and without price."

The gospel too creates this benevolence. None but Christian lands produce such charities for the poor. And how good is the Lord in implanting such a love in the heart of the parent, so that the more helpless his child is, the more he loves her; and the more she suffers, the more he will do for her. He do n't feel his arms ache as he carries her. He do n't think of himself at all. His child fills his heart; he only thinks of having his child made whole.

Ah, yes; and I know of a Physician who can do more than all this. He can "take away the heart of stone and give a heart of flesh." How he does it we know not, any more than we know how the new bone in this child's leg is to grow. Truly he may well be called, "the great Physician." Our surgeons do their best for the poor child without fee or reward. And so does He give

his skill and services without money or reward. There are some cases brought to these physicians which they cannot cure, but none are brought to Him so bad that he cannot cure them. This "Clinique" is open to the poor only on certain days; but He ever stands at the door, and you may knock and he will open it. This little one may pass out of the surgeon's mind till she comes again. But out of the thoughts of the great Physician the sick one never is absent a moment. O blessed One! This divine Helper takes our infirmities and bears our sicknesses, and is never weary with bearing them. Will you not carry your wounded spirit to him for Divine healing?

The First Funeral in the New House.

THE new house was built on the spot where the old one stood. The old house was of wood, nearly a hundred years old. It had been the place of births, sicknesses, weddings, and funerals. It had been the home of large families, all now numbered with the dead. The history of the joys and the sorrows, the mirth and the tears witnessed there, will never be written. The new house was built of hewn stone, very hard to the chisel, and very beautiful. It is very large, and every thing that money could procure was used to make it a noble though plain building. You cannot suggest an improvement. It seems as if it must stand till the end of the world. Its huge, thick doors, and its plate-glass windows, seem to be able to shut out any foe and defend from any danger.

When the family moved in, friends called to congratulate and admire. The family was large and very healthy. Hospitality reigned there, and many were the friends from far and near who were made welcome. It seemed a very perfect earthly home. Nobody ever accused the family of being vain of their house.

But suddenly, when the heavens were bright and not a cloud was to be seen, a dark shadow was thrown over that house. There was a messenger sent to that home whom no thick doors could shut out. He rang no bell, knocked at no door, but went straight in to do his errand. He uttered no words, showed no form to the eye, let no footstep fall on the floor, and asked no questions—such as, “Are they ready?” “Are they willing?” Straight to the beautiful child that lay in his mother’s arms he went,

and touched it. The little one rolled its eyes, a shadow passed over its face, like the wind over the water, and it gasped once or twice, and it was cold as the grave, white as marble, and nothing but the dead casket of the soul was left to the family. The sobs of the father, the wail of the mother, and the loud grief of the children, fell unheeded on the ear of the dead child. And this was the first death in that house. And thus was this splendid mansion turned, for the time being, into a tomb. We can't look at the house as we did. We feel that it is marked, and a process has there commenced that is to be repeated again and again. Who will be next, or how many during the first century, or how many, before these walls will crumble down, will go from that spot to give an account for all the deeds done here in the body, who can tell? But to me there never

can be a funeral so solemn under that roof as the first.

Who and what characters are yet to come out of that dwelling? Will it send forth young hearts beating with love to Christ—missionaries of the cross, or true and faithful ministers? Will it be the school of Christ, where his disciples will be trained up for his service and glory? What a history of all the families that will ever live in that house will be given at the last, great day.

But wisely all this is concealed from us, while we do know that every sorrow that shall grow up there, every disappointment that shall be felt there, and every death that shall take place there, may become a blessing, and fit these successive families for the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I am surprised at times to see how short the time is, that a house can stand

after being built, before this fearful messenger shall find it, and I think my reader would also be astonished to be told. I wonder if Death, as he passes our streets, knows when he is to call on this or that family, and can point his finger at every house and say, "I know when."

But there is a bright side to this dark picture. The first man whom death struck down on this earth was a "righteous" man, and undoubtedly was saved by his faith. The little one who first passed from the new house into eternity, we trust was one who will be a jewel in the crown of Christ for ever. It went to a more beautiful home, to a more perfect education. And who can doubt, if that strong dwelling shall stand for centuries, that there will be many trained up there for the presence of Christ? It is not then, in this light, a

great tomb, but a beautiful porch at the gate of heaven. Perhaps for ages the angels will mark this house as the place where they come and garner up the precious things of earth which were bought with the blood of the Lamb. There were "churches" in the private houses of the early Christians. Will not the time yet come again when the loving heart may send greetings to "the church which is in thy house?"

The new house is beautiful to me; not because its architecture is so costly and perfect, nor because its furniture is so splendid, nor because it is every way so perfect in arrangement, but because I have attended the first funeral there, and feel sure that one dear, precious child has gone from that home to his home in the skies. Men as they pass by may not know or they may forget that there ever was a funeral in that dwell-

ing, but I never shall. I look upon it as the place where a beautiful little jewel was prepared for the diadem of the Redeemer, and I earnestly pray that every one in the family may be saved in consequence of the first funeral in the new house.

Talk at the Waterfall.

WE were standing in a deep gorge between two very high mountains. It was a very hot day on the plain, but when we reached this gorge it was cold almost to chilliness. There was quite a mountain stream that came roaring through the ravine, rushing among the rocks, now leaping over huge stones, foaming, roaring, whirling, and scattering its spray far and near. Just before us the stream seemed to be cooped up,

as if its progress was to be stopped; when suddenly it gathered force, and leaped down a precipice, making the very earth jar with its fall.

"Beautiful," said my young friend, "beautiful; but after all I am wondering for what purpose it was made. Only one man in six months, it may be, sees it, and he may not have taste enough to admire it. Do you suppose it was made to foam and roar here only for the eye of man?"

"By no means; but it was made for the *lungs* of men, and of men too who never saw it or heard of it."

"Please explain yourself."

"Well, I'll try. These great huge mountains are in part all for the same purpose."

"I don't begin to understand you, sir."

"Don't you remember what horrid

smells we had as we came out of the great city ?”

“Indeed I do. I had to hold my nose for a mile.”

“And in the roads and over the plains what clouds of dust we had ?”

“Yes, I was almost choked to death.”

“Well, every city, every factory, every dead thing, animal or vegetable, is constantly sending up what corrupts the air we breathe. Every furnace and coal-pit, and every chimney in the land and in the world, adds to the impurity of the air. How long could you breathe holding your face over the top of a chimney or in the thick smoke of a coal-pit? Then the decay of animals and of all the vegetable world, as you know, produces fevers, plague, cholera, and other fearful diseases, by corrupting the air. What sicknesses we sometimes have in the decay of autumn. Now this

air has to be constantly in a process of purification, or it will kill everybody."

"Well, so far is very plain; but what has that to do with this dark, unknown waterfall?"

"Be patient and you shall know. God knew that we must breathe every moment, and that we must have pure air; hence it is that he is at work everywhere to do this. With the spray and the waters of the ocean he begins to wash it. As the vapors rise up in the air, and are gathered in the clouds and whirled around everywhere by the wind, the air is washed, and every drop of rain does its part in this work. Then God rolls it over and over again and again, tossing and dashing it between heaven and earth by every storm. Certain parts of its impurities he lets rise up in the clouds, and then burns them up with lightning. Don't you know how

much purer and sweeter the air is after a thunder-storm? He drives this air through the great forest, and every tree and leaf is a kind of strainer, which takes out some of its impurities. Then these mountains and gorges—they cause the air to traverse up and down their sides, to roll down, sucked through every gorge, moistened by every spray and leap of the brook, whirled along by every torrent, beat and pounded by every waterfall, cooled in caves and corners where the sunbeams never fall, and then sent out over the plains where men live, all purified and fitted for their lungs. By and by it will come back again to be bruised and shaken, to creep over the bare heads of these mountains, to be pierced by the darts which the lightnings send through them, to be rolled and tossed like hay in the field, all over these mountains and forests.

And this is what that foaming waterfall and thousands more like it are doing. They are churning and purifying the air that we breathe. The babe in the narrow street of the great city, and the dweller in the house on the great prairie, may both be the better for this very gorge and mountain torrent. The snows also that gently fall through the air are a great purifier. They wash it. Have you never seen the snow almost dark with impurities brought down with it out of the air ?”

“ I see, I see ; and I wonder I never saw all this before. I understand too the words of David, and how ‘ fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy wind, mountains and all hills, fulfil his word,’ and aid in the great plans of his mercy ; and I do n’t wonder the holy man exclaimed, ‘ O God, in wisdom hast thou made them all.’ ”

Under the Lake.

WE were at Chicago, where they were then making a contrivance by which to draw water—pure, cold, and nice—from the bottom of the lake. They formed the plan carefully, after many soundings and borings in the lake. Then they made what I would call a great crib, and floated it off two miles, and sank it by filling it with stones—I dare not say how many tons. The bottom of the lake is hard, blue clay; so into and through this clay, down, down sixty feet, they began to dig.

There was a huge steam-engine, a very strong fellow, who cheerfully lifted up any weight they put on him. As the engineer was going down to the tunnel, by great good luck and his great polite-

ness, we, two ministers and a friend, got an invitation to go down with him.

The reader must know that as fast as they dig the tunnel the clay is trundled to the opening, and then the little cars are lifted up about seventy feet, and emptied. The clay is then burned into brick, carried back, and goes to make the tunnel.

And now in the dirt and clay you are rigged up in old coats and hats, some too large and some too small, till you laugh at each other with great heartiness. You then get into the little car, crouching and twisting up your legs, and occupying the smallest possible space. The car holds the engineer, two visitors, and one workman. Two little smoking lamps intimate that you are going into darkness. Word is now given, "Lower away," and you begin to descend into thick darkness. "The

saints are going down," cries a rogue at the mouth of the hole. You look up, and can just see the light above.

And now your car is down and resting on a narrow railroad track. You are in the tunnel, which is a round arch, or complete circle, five feet and two inches in diameter, or from side to side straight across. Now move if you dare, for the man behind begins to push the car. On, on you go, making the air to rush past you. Be careful, and not lift your head an inch, or it will be scraped. On the right hand, as you go in, you notice the feet are marked on the brick—ten, twenty, etc., up to a hundred; and then it begins again. On, on you go, just like dreaming, seeming to make no progress. And now you begin to feel that you are under the lake—fairly under it. They talk about the tunnel under the Thames near Lon-

don as a mighty work. It is really a little over twelve hundred feet long. We went over three thousand feet under the mighty lake, and only three-eighths of it is yet dug. At every thousand feet there is a sort of chamber where the cars can stop, and where on each side they may leave or fix their tools.

At the further end you are three quarters of a mile under the lake. But it is bricked and arched up until you get within about ten feet of the end, where the workmen are digging. That ten feet has no support but the clay. You can now hear the paddles of the steamboat, as she crosses over your head. What if that clay should break or give way! What if the great lake should come rushing down upon you! How long would it take to fill the great tunnel? What a tomb would it be!

You now take the pickaxe and dig a little, just to feel that you "have had a hand in it," and have "helped to dig the great tunnel" at Chicago. On the right as you go in you notice a black-looking tin pipe, about the size of a common stove-pipe, only flattened so as not to take up room. This pipe is open at the end where the workmen are, and its use is to carry off the bad air which fills the tunnel. But how do they get good air to breathe? Hark; don't you hear a whirring, buzzing noise, as if a thousand partridges had been scared up? That is the bellows which our friend the steam-engine uses with which to blow fresh air down the shaft, and keep the tunnel full all the time. So you see that while he forces new and pure air down and into this dark region, he sucks out the bad air through the tin pipe already described.

Two feet a day they advance, working day and night, and in a little more than a year they expect to have it done; and then the great engine will still force the water up high enough to run in pipes all over the great city. What a gigantic work! What an idea it gives one of what mind and skill and civilization can do. And this huge work, all completed and filled with water, tapping the lake off full two miles, all complete, lay in the mind of the engineer before he began to lift a tool! And just so all things, visible and invisible, lay in the mind of the great Architect before he created a single thing—only he made them all from nothing.

What a singular plan by which to supply a great city with unfailing pure and cool water. Does it not make one think of that more wonderful plan by which the waters of life are made to

flow to every man's door—cool, pure, refreshing, abundant for the wants not of a city merely, but of a world? "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

"All for Ten Cents."

"ALL for ten cents. All for ten cents," I heard a voice proclaiming. It was at the dépôt, at the close of a cold, rainy, dreary day, and I was just taking the cars, expecting to go three hundred miles during the night.

"All for ten cents, sir," repeated the same voice. Soon there came along a nimble, smart, dapper, whisking little fellow, offering to sell the tickets of a new kind of insurance company, who engage to insure your life for the night,

and for the three hundred miles, to the amount of five thousand dollars, and "all for ten cents;" that is, on paying ten cents for my ticket I was to have five thousand dollars if I was killed.

Now I knew some things perfectly well. I knew the night was to be long and very dark; that we were to go not less than twenty-five or thirty miles every hour, counting stoppages; I knew I was liable to be killed should a bridge break down, should the wind blow down a tree on the track, should one of the wheels of my car break, should we meet another train by mistake on our track, should some careless fellow turn a switch wrong, should some evil-minded person put obstacles on the rails, should some thoughtless cow lie down in our path; in short, I could think over a great multitude of things that *might* occur, any one of which might cost me my life.

I knew too that the five thousand dollars would be a very convenient little circumstance to my family, in case I should get killed that night. And yet, strange though it may seem, I did not purchase the insurance. And why not? The sum certainly was a very small one—"all for ten cents."

"Perhaps," say you, "you had no confidence in the company offering to insure."

"I did not think of that question. If I had known it to be the best company in the world, the result would have been the same."

"Perhaps you think the system of insurance wrong."

"By no means. If honestly conducted, it is a very valuable aid to civilized society."

"What then *was* the reason?"

To tell the truth, I had such confi-

dence in the care and protection of God, that I did not feel that it was worth ten cents to be insured. And what an amazing result is that to which this leads us. Probably in that long train of cars there were not a dozen who would pay the ten cents to have their lives insured. And that not because many of them thought of God and his care and protection, but they knew that *something* had so far kept them safe; that they had ridden in cars, in steamboats, and in stages, by day and by night, scores of times, and had never yet come to any harm. What a wonderful care and protection of our heavenly Father is it, that we would not any day or night be willing to pay ten cents to have our life insured! And who does not see that this is not presumption, but a proper result of our experience? So that every day and every night God

keeps for us that which men, at the very lowest estimate, call worth five thousand dollars.

“How *can* they afford to insure life so cheap?” says one. I reply, that every railroad in the land can afford, for ten cents on a passenger, to issue a ticket obligating itself to pay five thousand dollars for every one killed. Take one railroad which I have in my mind. They run only six trains daily each way, averaging, I suppose, four hundred at each train, which is four thousand eight hundred passengers daily, which is twenty-eight thousand eight hundred weekly, counting six days in the week, which is nearly one million and a half annually, and which, at ten cents each, would give the railroad 149,760 dollars. What railroad would not jump at the chance thus to insure, when often they lose not a life in a whole year?

But I took my pen, not to contrive how to enrich railroads, but to show how wonderfully the providence of God protects us, and how we rely upon it, even when we make no acknowledgment and express no gratitude. How few would be willing to part with that which God daily gives them, for twice five thousand dollars, who nevertheless are not ready to bless him for all this. It was not because the passengers esteemed their lives of so little value, that they neglected to be insured, but because they had so much confidence in the common providence of God that they felt that they were safe. Oh how great is the goodness of our heavenly Father! Can you not, and will you not love this kind protector, this more than kind friend—the very Redeemer of your soul?

The Boot on the Wrong Foot.

JEM HASTY had many good traits of character. He was generous when he happened to have the means, obliging and kind upon impulse; but like his name, he was hasty. He could not stop to see a thing fully, to do a thing thoroughly, or even to speak of a thing accurately. But he was always considering these *little* things as too small and "of no consequence." The consequence of course was, that he was always getting into trouble himself and putting others to trouble. It was a small affair to be particular about buttoning his shirt-collar; and so in the midst of company, or in church, his collar must start up and come off, and then he would jerk it on again with so much strength as to tear off the button. He had his garden so planted

and subdued one year that he began to take a pride in it; but one evening he hurried through the gate, aware that he had not latched it; but it was a small affair, and "of no consequence." The result was, that the next morning he found some hogs in the garden, and they had rooted up every thing, even the choicest flowers. If he was going a journey, ten to one he would get packed and leave out of his carpet-bag the most important thing which he would need. Many a time the poor horse went supperless, and the pig stood calling for food, just because Jem considered such things "of no consequence."

But at last poor Jem received a lesson which really *did* make an impression on him. He was to go to the great city to enter a large mercantile house. But as he would be the youngest clerk, he knew he must be on his

feet all day, and run and do a multitude of errands. His trunk was sent down to the dépôt the night before, and he was to get up early and walk down and take the cars. As he took off his boots he set them where he knew he could find them even in the dark. But in setting them up he noticed that he put the right boot where the left ought to be. "No matter," thought he, "I shall remember it in the morning, and can change them when I put them on. It's of no consequence." So he lay and thought how he would enjoy himself in the great city, where there are omnibuses and carts and jams and crowds of men and a world of business, and he would one day come back a great, rich merchant, and bring father and mother and the sisters such presents as would astonish them.

By the time he got through with these

waking dreams, his candle, which he ought to have blowed out, was all burned down. "No matter," said he, "I can dress myself just as well in the dark." But when the morning came it was cold and dark, and the ground was frozen. He overslept, and at the call of his father had to spring from the bed and hasten to the cars, or he would be too late. Up he sprang, and dressed himself in almost no time. His boots seemed to go on hard, but on they went. He started and walked and ran over the rough frozen ground, and actually reached the platform barely in season to get into the cars. But how he had run and toiled.

And now he began to feel that his boots hurt him. His feet were sore, and they ached, and all at once it flashed upon him that in consequence of his haste and carelessness he had got *the wrong boot on both legs*. But his feet were wedged

in, and in the cars without a boot-jack he found it impossible to get them off. All day long he lived in agony, and when he reached the city his feet were blistered, corns were started, and troubles for years to come were laid up for him. He had no time to rest and heal his poor abused feet, and for a very long time he suffered for that which he thought "of no consequence." But it was a good lesson for poor Jem. He began to see that little things which seem "of no consequence" at the time, may have great results in the future; and it made him a cautious, careful man, after long years of discipline.

Now we all have some weakness, some spot at which we are very likely to fail. It is one thing in one man, and another thing in another. What shall we do to prevent the consequences of these frailties? I answer, do three things:

1. Set a double watch over the easily besetting sin every day and hour.

2. Strive very hard to recover, if you trip.

3. Ask your heavenly Father to help you and to keep you.

It belongs to the young to attend to this; for many a boy feels like Jem Hasty, that it is "of no consequence," when in fact the results may be terrible even for years to come. Many a character is ruined and the hopes of friends are crushed by no greater mistake than *putting the boot on the wrong leg*.

One Night's Spree.

THE waters of the river ran rapidly, and the young men who took the boat rowed down the stream very quick; there were four of them, on their way

to a sort of low tavern some six or seven miles off. The house was a sort of gathering-place, where young men often went to have what they called "a spree." It stood a little way off from the river, among the trees, with a heavy forest lying back of it; they might be as retired or as noisy or even as intoxicated as they pleased, and nobody was there to see. It was for the interest of "old Ben," as they called the landlord, to shut his eyes and ears to what was going on.

These four young men were companions and friends, and gave great promise of becoming useful and respectable men; and three of them would have done so, had it not been for Joe Torris, the fourth. He was beyond being mischievous, he was positively corrupt; and if one decayed apple can taint a whole barrel of apples, much more can one bad young

man his fellows. Torris proposed that they should all steal away just at dusk, row down the river, "have a good time" at "old Ben's," and get back again before their employers should ever dream that they were away. So away they pulled.

Before they were back, the great factory in which they worked and the boarding-house in which they lodged were burned to ashes. Their clothes and what money they had were of course gone, though this was nothing in comparison with what others suffered. But they had their "good time," and knew nothing of any fire. They had their oyster supper and their drinks, and they sang songs and told stories and smoked cigars and swore much, till about midnight, when they concluded to go home.

It was very dark and cloudy. Hardly

able to find their boat or get safely in it, they at length all took their seats and began to row. "Head her round, and keep her straight up stream," cried Joe. "To be sure; row away, and I will steer her as true as a needle." The stream ran fast and they had to pull hard, but she was headed right, and seemed to be making good progress. After rowing about three hours, and when their arms had become very tired, they began to wonder why they were not at their landing. "Surely we must be near," says one. "The current is very strong, pull away," says another. "We were all fools to come here," says a third. "There is no fool but yourself," says Joe in reply. So the poor fellows rowed and rowed, and looked and wondered, till daylight was fully opened on them. Then to their dismay, their shame, and their fear, they found they had not cast off the rope that

held the boat; and after all their toil, *they were tied to "old Ben's" landing-place.*

How they swore, and cursed each other, and promised to fight and to shoot one another. How they tried to blame each other, and to prove that this or that one was "the fool" who had drank so much that "he did n't know what he was about." But now they cast off the rope and rowed hard, and in due time reached their starting-place only to find all a heap of ruins, and a multitude of houseless and homeless women and children, all burned out, and stripped of all that they had. And yet the saddest part of the whole was, that the fire originated in Joe Torris' room, where, in his hurry to get away, and in his cunning to leave a light to show that he was in his room, he had so left the candle that it fell over and on his bed, set the sheets on fire, and hence all the ruin. What

a costly "spree!" And when the young men came to land, there was not one to welcome or greet them otherwise than with reproaches. The young men silently separated, and went—I know not where.

The factories and the houses, after lying in ruins many years, are again rebuilt; but the property then consumed, and the misery then inflicted, are among the things to be brought into judgment at the last great day. It was thought that if they had been sober enough to cast off the rope, they might have got home in season to have prevented the fire from the candle; but however that may be, it was a sad night's work from beginning to end, and the folly of their rowing tied up is almost forgotten in the great mischief they caused.

A Strange Stranger.

SUPPOSE a child or a grown-up man or woman could meet himself in the street, would he know himself? I reply, No; not his own face or person. The experiment has often been tried. In a certain store the new proprietors fitted up at the further end a very large mirror. It reflected the full figure of every one in the room. An old gentleman who was deaf and who had not heard of the great mirror, went into the store. As he advanced he noticed another old gentleman coming to meet him. Belonging to "the old school" in politeness, he bows to the stranger, and the stranger bows to him. He stretches out his hand, as if to shake hands; and so does the stranger. "Sir," said he, "you have the advantage of me. You seem to

know me ; but I can't recall your name, though it seems as if I had seen you before. Please to speak louder, sir, for my hearing is much impaired."

By this time the clerks were too full to hold in, and broke out in a laugh. The whole thing then flashed upon him, and he enjoyed the mistake as much as any of them. Let any one go into a room lighted by the moon only and pass by a mirror, and he will start at seeing an unknown form moving in the room, not recognizing his own face. I once knew a very polite old gentleman of olden time, who was at a large dinner party. At the call to the table in a distant room, he was naturally expected to take the lead ; but as he was leaving the room he saw another old gentleman, who ought, as he thought, to have the precedence. Accordingly he paused and bowed, and tried hard to get the stran-

ger to advance first. The company were too polite to shout, but they ached to shout. The panels of the doors were mirrors, and he was bowing to his own image.

It may seem strange that a man who has seen his own face in the glass daily for half a century should not know it when he unexpectedly meets it; but so it is. Men forget their own children in a few years. Suppose a man should find a great basket by the wayside, carefully packed, and on opening it he could find it filled with *human thoughts*—all the thoughts that have passed through one single brain in one year, or five years—what a medley they would make! How many would be wild and foolish; how many weak and contemptible; how many mean and vile; how many so contradictory and crooked that they could hardly lie still in the basket!

And suppose he should be told that these were all his own thoughts—children of his own brain—how amazed would he be; how little prepared to see himself as revealed in those thoughts. And how would he want to run away and hide, if all the world were to see the basket opened and see his thoughts.

Suppose a messenger from God should take us by the hand and lead us up the steps of a great building, and as we entered the porch it should begin to grow dark. Suppose that he should then open a door into a very large hall, which he called a "picture gallery." As we enter it we find it dark as night; but as the angel touches a spring, the light flashes in and fills the room. We now see that the walls are hung with pictures—so many and so large that they cover all the walls. On these are painted all the sins that we have ever com-

mitted. On one picture are painted all the bad words we have ever spoken; on another, all the crimes and jealousies we have ever felt; on another, all the covetings of our hearts; on others, all the wrong bargains we have ever made, all the unkindness to our parents and friends of which we have ever been guilty, all our prayerless mornings and evenings, all our neglect of God's word, all our ingratitude towards our heavenly Father and our hard feelings towards him, all our abuse of the Sabbath and the means of grace, all our neglect of the Saviour and our grieving away the Holy Spirit. What pictures would our sins—open sins, secret sins, heart sins, and life-long sins—make! Who would dare to look at them? What a terrible hall would that be! It would truly be a "judgment-hall." I don't suppose we should at once recognize all these pic-

tures to be ours ; but they would make us tremble.

We have to meet ourselves at the great day, and see all the thoughts of our life, as if laid together in a basket ; and we have to meet all our sins, as if each one was painted in colors that will never fade ; and how much, Oh how much shall we need the blessed Saviour to take these bodies and make them over "like unto his own glorious body ;" and take these thoughts and "cover them" up for ever ; and take these sins, all painted so clearly, and "blot them out" for ever. Oh divine Hand, what a work will this blotting out the sins of all thy redeemed be !

The Muskrat in the Canal.

THE muskrat had his home in the great canal. He might travel a hundred miles either way and find the same still waters. He lived in a wild place far from any house or city, and nothing disturbed him except the boats that came along, day and night, continually. But as he came out of his hole only in the night, and as the path for the horses that drew the boats was on the other side of the canal, and as every boat had a light at her bow, which he could see afar off, the boats did not trouble him much. He swam in the canal, or he crept down its bank and went to the fields for food, and was as well off as any muskrat ought to desire; but like many men who have a fulness, he began to grow lazy.

"Now," said he as he sat perched upon the bank of the canal one pleasant night, "now this canal was evidently built for us muskrats; but what a shame to make the banks so high and so steep. How I have to tug my grass and clover up this high bank; and how it puts me out of breath and makes me pant. Those stupid things called *men* do, to be sure, use the canal to move their boats on; but it's perfectly plain that it was made for us noble and wise muskrats. Now I have a thought come into my head, a very wise thought. Instead of creeping up and down this high bank, I will dig a hole through it, down at the bottom, and then I can run in and out just when I please. Wont that be worth while. Who but a muskrat would ever have thought of that?"

Plunge! and down he goes, and begins to dig. All night, and all the next

day he toiled, when he opened a little hole through the bank. The water followed him, which in vain he tried to kick back with his feet. Dig, dig, a little more. There, pop he goes through; and rush, rush comes the water, tearing, ripping, and foaming after him. It whirls and surges and rushes and sweeps the poor muskrat away, and jams him between two rails of the fence, where he lies dead. Rush, rush; the bank gives way, the water runs all out, and hundreds of boats are left in the mud at the bottom of the canal—all in a few hours.

Now for some of the results. The wise, lazy, and vain rat lost his life, which is hardly worth mentioning. Then there was a loss of property in consequence of the delay to repair the breach, which is *known* to be all of *fifty thousand dollars*. There were hundreds of barrels

of apples and fruit lost by decay. There were ships at the wharves waiting for the flour, mills waiting for the grain, carpenters waiting for the lumber, soldiers waiting for the horses and the hay and the oats; dealers waiting for the pork, the lard, the butter, and the cheese; and hundreds of tradesmen and workmen all waiting for the things detained in the canal. Men lost opportunities of good bargains, lost their character for truth and prompt dealing, lost by the fall and change in the markets, lost by the decay and destruction of their cargoes; and all, all owing to that one mischievous muskrat. The property which was destroyed would have given ten dollars a year to each of five hundred poor Sabbath-schools in all future time. And yet the poor muskrat was not to blame: he knew no better; he had no thought of the mis-

chief he was doing, or that he could do any hurt.

But what shall we say of those who do wrong, knowing that it is wrong? A very small hole may ruin the canal till repaired; a single spark of fire may burn up a city; the starting of a single bolt may sink a ship. So a single wrong deed may draw a great train of evil after it; a single wicked word may poison a little child; a single wicked thought may be like opening the hole in the bank, through which a world of sin will follow; a single unholy feeling admitted into the soul may do untold hurt. It is as important what we do *not* do, as what we do.

Laziness does not belong to muskrats more than to human beings. To save labor, the little animal may destroy a world of property. If we have laziness in the heart, out, out with it. We have

too much responsibility resting on us to permit our being lazy. If we feel that we are too small to do good or hurt, remember that even one muskrat may do untold hurt, though he himself is a very insignificant fellow.

Little Yellow-Throat.

It is said that we have over forty different species of the warblers that flit among the branches of our northern forests. In a certain garden surrounded by trees there was a nest of these songsters. Among the thick leaves of the linden-tree the little nest was built, and there the tiny eggs were laid, and there hatched. The nestlings were very small at first, but at length they grew till the four little birds, all together, weighed just *one ounce*. No mother could be

more anxious and careful than the parent bird, or more joyful than she, on the day when they could leave the nest and try their wings. At first they could only flutter a little way before falling on the ground; but by degrees they gathered strength and courage till they could flit from tree to tree anywhere in the garden. Here they had their home, and here most of them were very happy. The old bird taught them how to sing, how to fly, and where to find the best food. But the youngest of her family, whose name was "Yellow-Throat," perhaps the fairest and most beautiful of all the young brood, seemed to have a discontented spirit. She was difficult to please; her food was seldom right; the dews of the morning were too cool; the heat of the day was too great; the songs of her sisters were not in chord; or something was always wrong. Of course

this spirit grew upon her, till her life was unhappy, and her presence made others unhappy. At length she gradually withdrew from society, and lived more and more alone. In vain her friends tried to draw her back into society, but poor Yellow-Throat had made up her mind that she ought to be unhappy, and she would be. She now began to fly to the tops of the trees and look out over the wall to see how the world looked beyond the garden. One day as she sat thus peering about, she saw, apparently not very far distant, a large lake and a beautiful-looking island in its centre.

“Oh, what a beautiful lake,” cried Yellow-Throat; “how delightful it would be to fly over that smooth water and see one’s self reflected from it as from a great looking-glass. And how delightful to be on that island, all alone, there to sing a song so sweet that even the

mermaids would come up from the lake to listen. How I wish I was there. I *can* be there. I *will* be there."

She then laid her plans how she would get up early next morning, and without stopping to eat, would fly away to that sweet island. The morning came, and as soon as the sun was well up, little Yellow-throat turned her back upon mother and home, despising her beautiful garden, and without a farewell word to any one, or even a kind look, she lifted herself up on the wing, and in a few minutes was on her way to the lake. Alas, when she got to it, instead of being smooth as a mirror, the waves were tossing and dashing, the wind blew hard from the island, and it looked a great way off. But the poor thing was ashamed to go back, for she knew that ere this they would all know her folly, and so she flew forward. Cold and strong blew

the wind, and on darted little Yellow-Throat, till at last, almost dead with fatigue, she reached the island, and dropped down on it panting for breath. But instead of finding the beautiful spot she expected, she found its shores all rocks; nothing on it but clumps of Norway pines, through which winds sucked and whistled. Not a bird nor a happy thing lived on it. Poor Yellow-Throat; how different from what her imagination painted. So she nestled down in the crevice of a rock, and waited and waited till the next morning should return.

At last it did return, but the wind had shifted, and now, to get back to the mainland again, she had to go far from the place she came from. But she felt that she must get there or die here; and so, picking up a few sour ants that were creeping over the rocks, for her breakfast, she again made for the shore. The

wind helped her now, and she was not so much exhausted by the journey. She entered a large orchard, where the trees were large, and it seemed like going into the very land of plenty. But on the first tree on which she alighted, she came near losing her life; for on going to sleep a few moments to rest her, she barely awaked soon enough to escape the spring of a monster cat creeping towards her, with his great gray eyes wide open. "Oh," said the poor bird, "how I wish I was again at home, with my dear, dear mother, and brothers and sisters. But I do n't know which way the garden lies, and cannot find it. What a foolish thing I was. And now I must die with hunger, for I find none of the sweet millet seed so abundant in my home."

At length she noticed a large flock of little birds coming and going to and from a farmer's granary. They had found a

place where they could enter and steal as much food as they pleased. Yellow-Throat knew it was wrong to steal, but thought she might do as others did. So in she rushed with the rest, and filled her crop ; but alas, just as a great flock were coming out, a farmer's boy fired his gun loaded with very fine shot, directly among them. One shot struck poor Yellow-Throat, and she had strength only to fly and drop over the fence to die. And these were her dying words :

“ Alas, I am dying here, away from home and friends, and all for my folly. Oh that I could warn every bird and every boy and every girl to be contented with what God has given them, and not try to better their condition by wishing and longing for change.”

A Flock of Birds.

A WHOLE flock of birds have found their way into my study, and there they are, just at my right, in a pretty glass case, between thirty and forty in number. They have all attitudes; some with wings and tails spread, some watching for flies, some singing, some scooping the air for the insect on the wing, and some standing grave, as if waiting for a truant child to come home. They are of all colors: jet black, brown, olive, bright blue, orange, crimson, scarlet, emerald, green, and some with several colors mingled and mellowing into each other. They are bright as jewels, and one would think from their brilliancy that they had been born and colored in the rainbow. I know nothing of their money value. They are not to be estimated by dollars

and cents. They are the most beautiful blossoms of the air, and have a fragrance of the heart about them, for they have just been sent to me by *the young men of my congregation*. To me, who love every thing beautiful, and especially what is beautiful in character, they are of value not to be estimated.

In looking at them I seem to read human feeling, or rather, they seem to represent human character. That large, portly, rotund Woodcock, dressed in a rich chestnut suit, with brown shorts and black boots: does he not look like a rich alderman, well-to-do in the world, with a good digestion, dignified and sober, and yet able to present here and there a long *bill* to his creditors?

And there is his cousin Snipe standing close by, so quiet and still, yet able to send that long bill far down in the sand, and bring up the worm and the

bug that thought they were safe in their dark home. Friend Snipe, thou dost not look like a glutton, but thou remindest me of some men who contrive to get a good living where others would starve, and who will spend life in the mud and dirt for the sake of what they get out of it.

And thou plain, brown, striped Mocking-bird. How very plain thou art. Did the Creator see that if thy plumage had been equal to thy voice thy vanity had destroyed thee? Oh, unequalled songster, how often have I sat down silent and amazed to hear thy little throat pour out the notes of all the feathered tribes around thee, and while they too were astonished into silence. Be content, thou winged music box, to wear thy plain colors, and not to attract the eye. One such gift as thine is enough for one bird. Ah, yes, and I have seen human singers wondering why, with their wonderful

voices, they could not also have had beauty of person. Be content. One great gift from our Creator is enough for one individual.

And there is the beautiful goldfinch, the orange oriole, the fiery fire-bird of the forest, the beautiful blue-bird, and many a gem of a bird, till we come to the little, tiny, bright, green and gold humming-bird. Wonderful specimen of workmanship. How can that little creature move those wings so fast, with a noise like a mimic factory, darting like a lump of solid light, and then balancing on the wing as if dancing on an invisible floor?

All, all so beautiful! Where were they born? In what groves have they sung? Through what paths in the air have they travelled? Some from the cold north, some from the middle latitudes, and some from South America; how

wonderful that you should all meet here and silently teach a humble minister of the gospel. I am *almost* sure that Adam and Eve must have admired you in Eden, as ye flew and sang and darted and flashed among the trees of that garden. And why, beautiful pets, are the male birds so brilliant in colors, while the female is wood color and very plain? Perhaps because the female must sit on her nest and tend her young, and if her colors were bright, the hawk and the owl and the serpent would see her and eat her up. Now she looks like the tree; while the male, by his very brilliancy, can flash through the trees, and thus lead the hawk away from the nest and his mate. Perhaps when thus engaged he forgets his regimentals, and is not vain of his beauty. Does he ever wish his wife was more beautiful?

Oh goodness of the Lord! How it

paints the grass and the leaves and the flowers of the earth, and then tosses flowers through the air, that we may see his skill and admire his beautiful creations everywhere, and see that earth and water, air and sky, are full of his goodness and the wonders of his skill. My new treasures shall each be a preacher to me, silent but eloquent.

A Beautiful Picture.

PICTURES are called beautiful, sometimes for one reason and sometimes for another. I have the walls of my study adorned with many, the description of which would be interesting. They are chiefly mementos of friends. Many of them are very beautiful; but only a few touch the heart. But I have recently received one from a friend at which I

cannot look without emotion. It is a small affair, and I do not even know its title. It might be called the "Voyage of Life," or the "Family Group," or "From one Shore to Another." Let me describe it.

There is a plain, strong, every-day looking boat on the water. The place of her destiny is hidden from sight. There are eleven individuals in it. At the bow of the boat are three children with a basket of flowers near them. One careless, good-natured little girl is sitting down with her chin on the wale of the boat, looking towards you in a sort of dreamy state. She has no responsibility as to how fast they move, or where they are to go, or whether there are rocks and dangers before them. How careless her little sun bonnet sets on her head. She is neither hungry, nor dry, nor weary, nor anx-

ious, nor even curious. She is the picture of contentment. Happy child!

Near her, at the bow also, are two other children: a little boy and his younger sister. He has evidently seen something, or he thinks he has, in the distance, and is eagerly pointing it out to the sister. She is trying to see it too, and they are absorbed. How fresh, how new, how beautiful is life before them! How every thing is on a large scale: great trees, great water, great hills, and great men!

Just behind them is the rower of the boat, who, I suppose, is Time. He is neither old nor young, and is both. He is looking with a curious face on the two lovers who sit just forward of the middle of the boat. The youth is evidently telling the fresh emotions of the heart in the low tones of love to the maiden who sits near him, and who holds a bunch of

flowers just taken from her lap ; and she lets it dip in the water, as if she were too much occupied with that to hear the foolish things which he is whispering. She gazes down in the water, and sees that the flowers are already beginning to be washed from their stems. How eager he seems ; how modest she. They look neither backward nor forward : they are full of the present. They see nobody else, and are not aware, apparently, that there is another person in the boat. Beautiful maiden ; she thinks that if the waters shall carry off every flower-bud in her hand, she has a whole lapful left. To them the world contains nothing but flowers.

Just behind them are three figures. The man in middle life stands tall, firm, self-possessed, and yet evidently not without anxiety. He is looking forward with an eager, sharp gaze towards

the spot where the boat is moving. He sees not his wife sitting close to him, though as he touches the shoulder with his left hand, it is plain that he *feels* her presence. Evidently he realizes that all in the boat are committed to him, and manfully does he stand up to meet the responsibility. He will not disappoint expectation.

At his feet sits his wife. Her beautiful little boy lays his head on her knee, going to sleep, contented and safe and happy "to be where mother is." She lays her right hand on him as a living shield; but she sees him not. Her eyes are upward, watching her husband's face. She knows his anxious look, and shows that she feels that her future, and that of her children, all depend on him. What a confiding, humble, grateful gaze she bestows on him. Is he not "a strong and beautiful staff;" and is she not se-

cure so long as he is with her to direct the boat and eye the future? You can see the confidence and love of the wife expressed in the open, clear eye with which she regards him. Peerless gift of God to man—the gentle, modest, loving wife! No other friend can ever take her place in counsel, in sympathy, in self-denial, in forbearance, and in affection. “Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favor of the Lord.”

At the stern of the boat are two figures, and how you sympathize with their sadness. They are an aged couple—probably the parents, who have seen the spring, the summer, and the autumn of life pass by them, while its winter is now upon them. They are old, and have drank from the cup of life till they find its dregs—put there to make them willing to let it go from them. The

aged wife holds her travelling-basket in her lap, as if it contained all that they will want during the remainder of the voyage, her hands lightly clasped together, and with a sad face she is looking back upon what they have passed over. Does she see the green mounds which covered her little ones long, long ago? Do pictures of the long life and its changes come before her? Do the graves of friends, neighbors, and a multitude who began life with her rise to view? Is the past receding so that she sees it more and more dimly? She lives in the memories of the past, and the progress of the boat now makes no impression on her. She does not, for the moment, see her husband, the venerable, bending figure sitting near her. How he bows that head leaning upon his staff, the white locks, "the crown of glory," resting on his shoulders. You notice

the dark mourning crape upon his hat : he beholds nothing back, nothing forward, nothing present. He is looking down into the boat, thinking, thinking. What are the thoughts that are now thronging through his heart ? Evidently he has done with the past, has nothing to do with the future, and nothing with the present. What does he see on the bottom of the boat ? Is it the picture of his own grave ; or is he peering only into vacancy and musing of the further shore where he hopes to meet those for whom he wears the crape ? Who can help giving their sympathy to this aged couple ?

Our sweetest joys and our deepest sorrows grow in the family. "He setteth one thing over against another ;" and in proportion to the love and confidence which bind our hearts together, so are our sorrows deep when death sepa-

rates us. And eagerly does the head of the family look forward not only to see what lies before the family boat as it glides over the waters of time, but also to pierce that veil which hangs over the land whither they are going. Will that old man meet the little ones who perished from his arms years ago; and will he know them as the babes that were once his? Will he greet those children who died in manhood, and will they come around him as their father? And why does he not now wish to go to them? Why had he rather bend over his poor staff and toddle along a little further, when the joys of life are all gone, than to die? Because God has made us to love life, that we may be careful of it, and because also it is all an unknown land whither we go. We know that they live there; for Moses and Samuel and Elijah and Paul have been there and

come back to us. But they had no power, for it is not in human language, to describe what that world is. Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it, the heart hath not conceived it. Oh what will it be when the whole family shall reach that blessed shore, and there be reunited in youth that is immortal, in glory unfading, and in blessedness eternal and infinite?

A single hint here to the young, and that is, buy now and then a beautiful picture and hang it up; it is always fresh and beautiful. When you go on a journey, take a lunch in your pocket, and the saving of a few dinners will enable you to carry home a pretty picture. Never buy an inferior one, either in design or execution. Be sure and never hang oil paintings and engravings in the same room. In ten years you will have many beautiful things in your

often wonder how a trout ever lives to grow as large as the one we are now eating."

"Yes; and how many fish must have been created for his food during all these years and all this growth. How much do you suppose he eats daily?"

"There's no saying. I have often caught them when they had at least half a pound of undigested fish in their stomachs; and then again without any thing. They seem to eat enormously when they can get enough, and to go without when they can't."

"Well, it seems to me, from your account of the matter, we are to have a very costly breakfast? and I marvel at that Providence that has gone before us to get it ready for us."

"How costly, sir?"

"Why, there are five years of watch and care to rear our fish down in the

bottom of that lake, defend him from being eaten up a hundred times, help him away from the fisherman's hook, and then at the very time when we needed him to have him snap at our hook and be taken. Then we needed salt, and there it is, made in the West Indies, and brought by a hundred hands to this place. There too is the pepper, raised on the island of Ceylon, and brought here for seasoning. There is our butter, made from the grass on the hills, which have been made into pasture after years of toil. Those crackers are from wheat that grew in Illinois, ground and baked ready for our use. It would be curious to know how many farmers, merchants, sailors, teamsters, and laborers, have been employed in getting what you call our 'simple breakfast' ready; and then consider that if all the people on this earth are fed this day, and should they

all be seated side by side, each one occupying but eighteen inches, their table would reach round the earth, twenty-four thousand miles. Food to be created, prepared, and cooked, so that all these can eat three times every day. And these are only one kind of the unnumbered creatures which have to be fed. "Thou openest thy hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

"I see it is so; but I never thought of it before."

"And that forgetfulness of God and his constant providence is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. The fact is, friend Sabattis, men do not love to think about God, or acknowledge him in any thing. I was lately in a place suffering for the want of rain—the crops withering and the streams drying up; and though the people wanted rain, longed for it, spoke of it, yet I

doubt if any one prayed for it, or looked to God as the one who 'maketh a path for the rain.' I heard many profane words, but not one of prayer. And it sometimes seems to me very strange that God endures a race of creatures so unthankful as we are; 'and it is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed.' But this mercy of the Lord is like an ocean, without bounds, without bottom, and fanned by the wings of angels. I think that we ought to recognize God in every thing; and when I hear a blessing asked at the table, I understand it to be an acknowledgment that God has gone before and provided our food, gathered from all parts of the world, and prepared for us personally.'

The Curious Little Workshop.

WHO has not heard of Saratoga, where the wonderful springs gush up day and night, summer and winter, full of health ; where the sick once chiefly went, and where the rich and the fashionable now mostly resort ?

I am not now to speak of Saratoga ; but in that beautiful place is a small workshop, not big enough for a robin to sing in, and yet, strange as it may seem, it has never been filled, and in it all kinds of curious and wonderful things are formed. In that little shop the revolving turret of our iron-covered monitors was first made—which perhaps, under God, has been the salvation of our country. There is not a lathe or a tool in the shop, and yet wheels and springs and cogs are made there, and

a world of machinery. In it patterns and models are drawn, engines set up, pumps put in motion, wheels put to whirling, and cannon a firing.

Being at a friend's house lately, I noticed a curious piece of mechanism standing in his parlor. It seemed to be a clock, but instead of the usual face of the clock you look at a beautiful globe. It has all the perfection and beauty of the best terrestrial globe that can be bought. Over it is the sun pointing directly down on the equator. It is a clock, and a very beautiful clock too. The workmanship is perfect, and as a time-piece nothing can be finer. But the wonderful thing about it is, that as the clock moves the globe revolves in perfect time, and you have not only the hours and minutes as with other clocks, but you see *how time is made*, where it is noon, or how many hours before or

after noon, or where it is midnight, and what is the hour in any part of the world. Every hour gives fifteen degrees of longitude, and you see just how the earth turns and moves—over a thousand miles every hour. It is a perpetual study, and a child brought up with this clock cannot fail to understand how the world moves, what is the geography of the earth, how it is morning, noon, or midnight in any one part of the world and not in another. No one can help studying it or being delighted with it. It should be, and I think will be the clock for every school, even the district school, in our land; and the father who has a family of children to educate, will find this curious clock a valuable educator.

Now let us return to our little workshop. This clock came out of the same place that the great monitor turret came from. Who would not like to look into

that shop ? And no human eye ever peered into it. It is a sealed place.

“ Well,” says my reader, “ What do you mean ?”

I mean the brain of Mr. Timby, where all these wonders are performed, where plans are laid by which the warfare of the world is altered, by which a small ship can sink a whole navy of common ships, and where things are invented that move the world forward immensely. This single invention of the clock may yet be worth more to the world than the endowment of twenty colleges. The power of the world and of the universe is in mind. When you see such a quiet, silent man, not money-wise, moving noiselessly among men, you see a mighty power ; and whether he spends his thoughts on implements of death or in perfecting a timepiece, he moves the world. What a wonderful thing is mind !

something cooped up within the bones of the skull, never seen, and yet creating new and wonderful things for the good of humanity. And what an idea does it give us of God—that great mind which contrived every thing, even such minds as Mr. Timby's, and put all these thoughts in motion. Aye, and these minds if they can do so much here in a few years, what may they not do if sanctified and fitted to act usefully and wisely to all eternity? They may not need clocks there, but I doubt not there will be enough for them to do, and which will be far more useful than any thing they can do here. They say that inventors are not rewarded for what they do. No, not in money. God knows that money is too poor pay, and so he rewards them by giving them to see the good they do, and the respect they will have, and the gratitude which must eventually

be theirs. No silver or gold can reward Mr. Timby as will the thousands of children who study his clock, and as long as they live thank him for what he has taught them.

The Water Shut Off.

THE family had water brought in pipes all through the house, in the cellar, the kitchen, the chambers, the barn, and almost everywhere else. It came from a lake on the mountains, seven miles off; but it came with a rush and a power that sent it up into garrets or into jets and fountains, and wherever it was wanted. The garden rejoiced in it. The horse and the cow had running water always before them. Sometimes when the heavy frosts came and burst the pipes, or when the family were awak-

ened in the night by the dropping, dropping of some unlucky pipe that had broken loose—sometimes when the faucet gave out and let the water go hissing and spluttering all over the room—sometimes when the stop-cock was forgotten, and the first they knew the water came pouring down through the floor and plaster—sometimes when the heavy water-rent bill came in, they wished the water “all to Guinea,” or “where it came from,” or anywhere, if it were only out of the house.

But one dry, hot, burning day, the great pipe from the mountain burst, and they were told that water would be shut off for twenty-four hours. Heyday, what now was to pay. The cook in the kitchen had her potatoes ready to wash, her pots ready to receive the vegetables for dinner, the dish-kettle ready to be filled, the small tub ready for the hot water, when

she found there was no water. She had used barrels a day, and never knew or thought about it. The mistress called the children into her room to wash them for school, and lo, there was no water. The weary father came in from the fields with sweaty brow and dirty hands, and was just rejoicing over a good wash, when he found there was no water. The keeper of the flowers in the conservatory was just preparing to make all his charge glad and green by the great syringe, when he found all dry—no water. The old horse, Tom, turned to his trough, and to his amazement found it dry. The cow, Dairy, put her nose in for a large morning draught, but found no water. The cat in the cellar, the dog in his house, and the very bees in the yard, were all wondering over their want of water. The little pipe that came into the house bringing all this blessing,

never seemed so precious before. Night came, and all went to bed—to dream about water. Every thing, from the strong man to the flowers, seemed to droop. A solitary, unused well in the neighborhood became the centre of great interest. Down went pails and tin-pails and almost anything that could bring up water. It might be impure ; it might be very hard ; no matter, it was water, and water they must all have. Every old forgotten cistern was examined to see if it had any contents, and if so, would they do for any mortal use ? So they got through the first day and the second ; but when it came to the third, and the water was still “ cut off,” there was real distress, and almost agony. It seemed as if they could never get through another day thus. But at the close of the third day the water began to gurgle through the pipes, to flow at the

stop-cocks, and to spit and hiss wherever it could. How joyfully it was received. Every face lighted up. One ran to the wash-stand and washed and washed, as if to make up for lost time. The kitchen-maid drew and drew till she could fill up all the boilers and pots; the flowers freshened up and wept and smiled for joy; the garden felt cheered, and promised great things in consequence; and the stable and the henery all shared in the general joy.

And yet this water was gone but three days. Nobody there had thought before how much we are dependent on water for our comfort.

And all these cool, flowing, abundant waters are only emblems of those waters of "the river of life" which Christ has provided for the soul. Let him shut off these waters, and what a poor place the house of God would be. What

a dead place the family altar would be. What a lonely place the closet would be. Let them be shut off from this world only for three days, and what mourning would there be. Every hymn of praise and every note of thanksgiving would be hushed, and the hearts of all the good would die within them. No, no, these waters never dry up, are never cut off, but from under the altar of God they flow "in summer and in winter." Oh child, when Christ gives you to drink of the fountain of life, it is that you may drink and never thirst again. Does my dear young reader understand me; and understand too that if all the waters of earth should dry up, it would not be such a sorrow as to have the "waters of life" taken from us?

A Mystery on the Ocean Bottom.

FAR down in the deep waters of the ocean there are mountains and rocks and valleys and caves, just as there are up in our world. Sometimes the sailor drops the lead attached to a cord, and it sinks down not far ; and then again at a little distance, it will sink down, down very far. In the first place it fell upon a mountain, and then in a valley. Were the great ocean dried up, we should see wonders there.

At the foot of one of these mountains in the ocean there was a kind of tea-party met, consisting of Mrs. Eel, Mrs. Lobster, Mrs. Cod, Mrs. Shrimp, Mrs. Flounder, and Mrs. Nautilus. The fact was, a curious event had happened, and they were met to discuss it. A long, small thing had come creeping down the

mountain and across the valley, and along it went on the ocean's bottom, so long that they could see no end to it either way. Gently it came down and lay still on the bottom of the ocean.

"Mrs. Eel," says Mrs. Lobster, "is not this some relation of yours? It looks more like one of the Eel family than any thing else."

"I would have you to know," said Mrs. Eel, squirming and twisting herself every way, "that an eel has a head and a tail and fins; and don't you see this has none? An eel keeps moving; and don't you see this don't move at all? How could you think it was an eel?"

"I thought it was a worm," said Mrs. Cod, "and I tried to bite it. Whew! it almost broke my teeth out. It's nothing that I can eat; though you know, Mrs. Lobster, I can eat a whole family of lobsters, if they are not too old."

"I tell you what *I* think," said little Mrs. Shrimp. "It's a thing for us shrimps to creep on and cling to, and under which to lay our eggs and raise our young."

"It's very plain," said Mrs. Flounder, "it is a scratcher, just for us flounders to swim over and scrape our breasts on."

"You are all wrong," said Mrs. Nautilus. "It is a *thinking machine*."

"A what?" exclaimed all together.

"A thinking machine, I tell you. There are creatures that live up out of the waters who *think* a great deal. They send messages, instead of going to carry them. They are curious creatures, and sometimes when I have been up on the top of the water I have seen them. They sail about in great vessels of wood, and when at home, have creatures to draw them round."

"Why, what fables you are telling us. Do you expect that we shall believe that creatures can live out of the water?"

"Yes, *they* do. And instead of fins and tails they have two legs with which they walk."

"A very likely story," said Mrs. Lobster. "When even I, skilful as I am, can't walk on less than a dozen legs, how can they walk on two? What kind of fins have they?"

"They do n't have fins; they have arms and hands instead. They seem to be full of *thought*. Now this machine, so long that you, Mrs. Lobster, could not creep to the other end of it in a lifetime, is one of their contrivances. They will stand at one end of it, and send thoughts or messages through to the other end in a moment; and thus they talk to each other hundreds and thou-

sands of miles apart. Even now, while we are looking at it, they are sending their thoughts through it."

"That I do n't believe," says Mrs. Cod.

"Neither do I," says Mrs. Eel.

"Why not?"

"Because we can't *see* any thought passing through it."

"No; nor hear it."

"No; nor smell it."

"No; nor feel it. Now you do n't think we are such fools as to believe a thing which we can't see, nor hear, nor smell, nor feel, do you? You do'nt expect us to believe there are creatures who can live out of water, and move without fins, and *think all along the bottom of the ocean*. Oh, Mrs. Nautilus, we are proud to know we are above being deceived by such stories. We do n't believe there is any world but our ocean

world. Pray what kind of light do they have up there?"

"Oh, it is stronger and purer and more beautiful than ours. Compared with ours *it is consolidated light*. It's a more glorious state than ours, and the creatures who live there and think so much, are far higher in their nature than we."

"Well, Mrs. Nautilus, that will do for one day. We may as well break up our party. We can't associate with one who tries to make us believe what we can't understand. We know too much for such deception."

At that Mrs. Lobster opened her great claw as if she would crush poor Mrs. Nautilus, and Mrs. Cod rolled her eyes and snapped her great jaws. Mrs. Eel twisted and darted here and there, and Mrs. Shrimp swelled, and Mrs. Flounder turned her eyes and looked sideways.

Alas, poor creatures ! just as wise as the Sadducees and such like people, who say " There is neither angel nor spirit," nor a higher state than this, *because they cannot comprehend it.*

Grandfather's Old Desk.

THERE it stood, in the darkest corner of the room, and there it had stood ever since we children could remember—"grandfather's desk." It was very dark colored, had four long drawers, and a lean-to leaf—neither its front nor its top. This had a lock on it, and when opened and resting on two little slides, it was a writing-leaf. What mysteries in that old desk ! We knew it had been in the family over a century ; and how much longer, who could tell ? For aught we knew, it came over before the May-

flower ever saw old Plymouth. Within that great leaf were little drawers and pigeon-holes, and, as we understood, a mysterious secret drawer, that shut with a kind of wooden snap, and so wonderful that the most skilful thief living could never be able to find it out unless grandfather was there to show him. This we had no doubt he would willingly do, if the poor thief was too much puzzled.

But the contents of that secret drawer! Why, we would not have been surprised to learn that sometime or other grandfather had as much as *ten dollars* in that drawer—the highest sum we could imagine any mortal man to have at once, unless it was Robert Kidd the pirate, who, as we understood, buried his money on every island in the big sea. I remember how we lay sleepless one night, as long as

we could keep awake, out of sympathy with Mr. Hamilton, who owed "the store," as the little trading-room, the only one in our region, was called, the enormous sum of eighteen dollars! How the man could ever raise this awful sum we could not imagine, and had we learned the next day that the man had committed suicide, we should not have been surprised. And how cruel we used to think old Mr. South was, who came regularly once in six months and took all the money there was in the old desk, though we knew it was interest on the little place which grandfather had been trying to buy for over thirty years—before our mother was born, as he told us. We never heard him complain, and if he was frugal and careful, and put every dime he could get carefully away in the old desk, we knew it was only that he might be ready to face Mr. South. We

had no doubt that any thing put into grandfather's desk was more safe than in any bank in the land. But alas, all our notions are sometimes upset in a minute. One day our grandmother went into the room, and what a scream ! We all ran in calling, and telling grandfather we believed the study was full of thieves and murderers. In he rushed ; and sure enough, there was the old desk with the leaf open, the drawers splintered and scattered, the quarters and dimes and change lying about here and there, and every thing betokening violence, To our eyes it was the most abominable sacrilege ever committed since the days of Nimrod. After wondering and examining for a long time, the mystery all cleared up. It seemed that Sam Keeling had bought a huge rifle, which he was trying in all directions ; and not having the fear of man before it, the

ball had come through the clapboards, plaster, etc., and then smashed through the thin back of the desk, making sad havoc among the drawers. What a monster we thought Sam! And Sam thought so too; but the number of apologies and "so sorrys" that he offered and the promises to be "awful careful" in the future put all to rights. There really was no great harm done; but to us children it was an era. We dated from the time of the great "breaking in" upon grandfather's desk.

That ancient piece of furniture was associated with the venerable, good, and holy man who owned it. To him it was an old desk of his father's, very convenient to keep his little matters of worldly concern in. To us it suggested all that was venerable among the dead and the living. We could hardly believe that grandfather was ever young, much less

that he was ever a boy—a real, running, roystering boy. The thing was inconceivable. He was an old man to us; and he really was old when called away. The good old desk is now owned by a grandchild, and when her little frolicsome boy now goes banging round the house, he is careful not to hit “grandfather’s desk,” that once belonged to his great-grandfather’s grandfather. Good men here; glorious spirits there. How small an affair would they now consider that old desk; and yet the dumb thing speaks to us, and recalls the image of good men, and makes us think every time we see it that we have friends in heaven. It is thus now, and will be hereafter a constant preacher; many generations in turn may claim it, and may every one feel and say, “None but a pious, godly man ever owned that desk.”

Unlike and yet Alike.

"You talk about true religion," said Mr. Dunbar to his friend, old Mr. James Hamilton. "Now is n't true religion the same thing, created by the same Spirit, the world over?"

"Certainly it is."

"So I believe; or so I should believe, if I believed at all. But instead of seeing all have the same religion, there's hardly two that think alike. You talk about the 'revival' now going on in our city: will it make them all alike? or rather, is it not so, that men who thought and felt alike before becoming religious, begin to differ and separate more and more immediately after?"

"Ah well, we will not argue the question; but will you go with me this evening?"

“With all my heart.”

So Mr. Hamilton meekly led his friend first into a Presbyterian prayer-meeting. It was very full and still and solemn. The prayers were short and full of awe. The minister read the word of God, and they sang hymns in long metre, slowly, strongly, and solemnly. At length a young man arose and said that he began to indulge a trembling hope that he had been born of the Spirit; but that his sins seemed so many, his life so guilty, that he abhorred himself; that he knew he deserved hell, and that nothing but the mercy of Christ kept him out of it. He spoke with diffidence, with awe, and almost with terror, as if ready to sink under his own sins. The great impression which he conveyed was *the guilt of his soul*. It seemed as if the Spirit had “convinced him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come.”

Next they went to a meeting of Baptist Christians. They seemed to speak and pray readily, and just as each one felt like doing. Both sexes participated. A young convert arose to tell his "experience." He had been led to see that he needed religion, and he had made up his mind that he must have it. He was ready to take up the cross and "go down into Jordan," and be baptized; nay, he longed for the day to come when he could be immersed. It was a most joyful anticipation.

Then they went into a Methodist meeting. There they sang and shouted and prayed and clapped their hands. A young convert broke out in shouts; he had found the Saviour! He had set his face towards Zion; nothing would turn him back—"Glory to God!" "hallelujah!" He only wanted wings to fly. He had no fears, no terrors, no doubts.

It was all clear and delightful to him. He could not shout and sing loud enough.

They then went into an Episcopalian meeting, and there too was a young convert, and devoutly was he reading his prayer-book. It never seemed so beautiful or so precious before. Those prayers were just what suited his case—so reverential, so unexceptionable, so majestic. How he admired the “excellency of our liturgy,” and felt that the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places and he had a goodly heritage. He felt sure that under no other form of worship could he grow in grace so fast.

Next they went to a small, plain brick Quaker meeting-house. There too they found a young convert. He did not shout, did not read prayers, did not ask for baptism, did not acknowledge his guilt; but he sat down alone and pon-

dered and thought, and had "great thoughts of heart." He thought of his own heart and life, of his need of a Saviour, and of the character and worth of Christ. He did not weep or smile; but he pondered and meditated.

"There now; how unlike," said Mr. Dunbar. "Is it not just as I said—no two alike."

"Nay; you are there greatly mistaken, sir. If you could see their hearts, you would find that all this difference is merely outside. Get into the heart, and you will find that they feel alike as to their sins, as to their need of mercy, and as to the fitness of Christ to be their Redeemer. Put them in heaven, and they would all go together and cast their crowns at the Saviour's feet."

"What makes them so different then here?"

"You must remember that all these

have different minds and modes of thinking; they were not educated alike, not instructed in the Bible alike, and have moved in different spheres. And the Holy Spirit has kindly adapted himself to their peculiar character. 'Diversities of operations, but the same Spirit.' You and I would try to make men and Christians all in one mould; but God does not so make men. And instead of its being an argument against the reality of religion, this diversity of showing its workings in the heart is a strong argument in its favour. Beneath this apparent diversity there is unity. I have just been to see a sick child: he was near death, and singing in a low voice, 'I want to be an angel' And I have this very afternoon been to see a young maiden near her end, and she was singing, 'Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee; and also a poor sufferer under the

most awful pains, and she said, 'Thou holdest mine eyes waking. I am so troubled that I cannot speak ; but I call to remembrance my song in the night ; I commune with my own heart. The Lord will not cast me off for ever. His mercy is not clean gone for ever. His promise will not fail for evermore. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' "

"Diversities of operations, but the same Spirit."

A Tough Customer.

THERE is a certain fellow who travels about, but who is so shy that we hardly ever catch more than a glimpse of him. I have several times met him, but he always contrived so to muffle up his face that I found it difficult to see how he looks. But one day I met him, fairly

met him face to face. He had a very old look, a sharp, hatchet face, eyes that seemed to shoot out fire as he peered around. His skin was bronzed, and greatly wrinkled. He was evidently a great traveller; and his feet seemed to be made of flint, and his hands of iron. He had a great load of tools, for he was evidently a hard worker. His pockets were filled with parchments and papers. In his hand he held large, rusty keys, a long, sharp sword, heavy chains, some hot pinchers, and several fire-brands. He strode along, looking as innocent as possible, and yet so fiercely did he move that I was afraid he would run over me, and stamp me with his heels of flint; so I hailed him.

“Hallo there; do n’t run over me. Pray who are you?”

“An old traveller, sir, moving about among men, making war upon hypocrites

and the superstitious; always ready to do a good turn, and never idle."

"Why, sir, you don't look right to me, Is it possible you are a holy reformer, and go about doing good?"

"That's it, I assure you. I have done a great deal of good in my day."

"Pray how will you prove that?"

"Don't you admire the Psalms of David, especially those in which he cries out so loud against his enemies?"

"To be sure I do."

"Well, I helped him to write all those psalms. I wrung them out of him. Don't you like the story of Daniel?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well again, I pushed those three men into the furnace of fire; and I thrust Daniel in among the lions; and though things didn't work as I expected, yet that was not my fault. You like the epistles of Paul, don't you?"

"Yes, very much. The Bible would be very incomplete without them. But you don't pretend that you wrote *them*, do you?"

"Not exactly. But you notice that they are mostly dated in a prison. Well, sir, I put him in those prisons. A capital place in which to write letters. I confess I did not think he would do that: I only wanted to stop his preaching; but he was a long-headed fellow, and I am not certain but I should have done better to have let him go on preaching. The fact is, I got caught so once since. There was a warm-hearted tinker, who went round preaching and scaring people out of their wits. I got him shut up in a jail; but what did the creature do but go to writing a dream, which has had more effect upon the world than a hundred such preachers. Things will work so sometimes."

"Pray what have you in that great bag thrown over your right shoulder?"

"Dresses, sir; nothing but dresses. I sometimes want to come out in a heathen costume, sometimes in a Mahomedan, and sometimes in a papal. I can work in one dress and costume as well as in another."

"I see. But what's in that bag under your left arm which you hug so closely?"

"They are little nettles, sir, with which I fill the air, and make the faces of people smart. They are commonly known by the name of *sneers*."

"What do you do with that long pole in your hand?"

"Oh, I stir up mischief, and rouse up neighbors; and by a few pokes can set the drunkard to shouting, and the gentleel to scoffing, and the wicked to blaspheming. But I am in a hurry, and can't stop to talk all day."

"Where are you going in such haste?"

"Why, sir, I am going to the next town. I hear there is some trouble there with the minister; and I am going to put in my pole, and feel sure I can drive him out of town."

"Yes; but why do you want to do that?"

"What a simple question! Don't you see I am an enemy to all humbugs, and all priestcraft, and all that superstition which men call religion?"

"I see, I see. But what may I call your name if I should ever meet you again?"

"PERSECUTION, sir; old *Diabolus Persecution*, at your service. Don't you want me to do something for you?"

Homes of the Poor.

THE cars stopped in front of the great factory just at night, as all the workmen were coming out—a great multitude. When you look at a great multitude at once, you feel very little interest in them; but the moment you select one or two and look at their faces, you begin to feel an interest in them. Among those who came out I noticed two—one a tall, straight, fine looking man. Over his shoulder hung a large salt codfish, done up in brown paper. He looked happy. Doubtless, his day's work being done, he was now on his way home to wife and children, carrying them food, and expecting to see their smiles and to hear their greetings. Happy man. I could see contentment and health bound up in the paper of fish. What a won-

derful mark of the wisdom of God, that such a strong man, instead of being idle and vicious, instead of being a thief or a robber, instead of being a curse to the world, is now willing and happy to spend his life in toiling early and late to make his home comfortable, his wife and children happy. He can't leave and go away, he can't stop working, he can't waste his money, and yet among all that multitude who surround him not one calls him a fool or laughs at his drudgery. They all know he is happier than men who have no families. And is it not curious that a man will thus spend his life, barely having clothing and food himself, that he may provide for his family? There is an unseen cord that binds him to his home, and all this toil and labor are no burden to him, and this cord, called *love*, is the whole secret.

There was another on whom the eye

rested; it was a thin-faced, pale little girl, about twelve years old. She was barefooted, with nothing on her head, and looked tired and jaded. She had finished her day's work, and was now on her way home, Did I pity the poor child? Certainly; but then I thought, "Now probably this little child has a poor home, and she has to work hard, but more likely by so doing she carries her wages to her poor mother, and she and her little brothers and sisters have better food and better clothing, and have many comforts which they could not have without her labor. She too, instead of being brought up in idleness and filth, has learned to be industrious, and has found that industry will procure wages and comforts. She has learned how she can support herself and be independent. She has taught her mother to value and love the little being whose toil helps her

to bear the burdens of life. No, I need not pity her as much as if no such blessing came out of all this. Very likely that little girl has in her the elements of a noble character; at any rate she is taking great lessons in life; and though the burden falls upon her while a mere child, yet what a blessing for her to feel every day that she is so useful."

So my thoughts ran, till soon I noticed a neat but pale woman, with a baby in her arms, came to meet the little factory girl, to take her hand, and so speak to her that the smile of childhood, which I feared had been worn off for ever, returned in all its beauty. It was plain that she was bringing a loving heart to meet her child, and a tender care for her. She could not wait, but must meet her child, and carry the baby too, and lead her home. May God bless that home. It is not likely I shall ever see

that little girl or her mother again. I can do nothing for them. They may sicken and die and I shall not know it. But if the glance of a stranger's eye upon them can awaken so much interest in his heart, what may we not hope from the loving care and tender protection of our heavenly Father? His eye follows them to their humble home, and he knows every anxiety of their hearts. That little sparrow that sits so unconcernedly on yonder bush, not knowing where and how she will find the next morsel of food, or where she will sleep to-night, is under his care and love; and that little thistle-down, floating away in the air, will settle in the very place where he directs. How rich is every one who has a Father who owns the world. How lovingly and how confidently that babe rested in the arms of its mother, not fearing that she would

let it fall, or that her strength would give out, or that her love would be exhausted, or that she could not provide for it. Oh that we might so feel towards our heavenly Father, whose knowledge numbers the very hairs of our heads, and whose cares and tender mercies are over all his works. Oh, little child, who knowest not when thy foot will slip, or when pain and sickness will overtake thee, or what thy life may be, I know thee not; but how blessed the privilege of commending thee to the everlasting Redeemer who doeth all things well.

Funerals of the Poor.

I HAVE a special pity for the little children of the very rich and the very poor: for the former, because their natural mothers turn them off to free

themselves from trouble ; and for the latter, because they are unable to take care of them. My heart often aches in sympathy with a poor family, especially when I go to bury their dead. I have just returned from such a scene. In the little semi-red house near the bank of the river they live ; the river is their well, though at least half a score of factories defile its waters with dyes and scourings before they reach the house. You go down a very steep bank to reach the door, the only door ; there is no sink in the house, and of course all the dirty waters are brought to this door. Not a blade of grass nor a flower anywhere near. The husband and father is a hard-working, illiterate operative in the factory ; the mother has seven or eight little children around her. They are all to be fed and clothed by the wages of the father, and all to be taken care of by the mother.

She is thin, looks old, careworn, weary, and hopeless. They married young. For years they toiled and struggled and rowed to weather the cape which lies between poverty and thrift. But as children increased, sickness, expenses of every kind increased. They found they never could weather the cape, and gave it up, satisfied if they had bread enough for to-day, and if they could snatch a little enjoyment of any kind as the present went by them.

But I took my pen to say something about "little Benny," the little boy just buried. "Little Benny" was about three years old, naturally a bright, beautiful child, and many a rich man would gladly have given half of his great fortune for such a son. But when Benny was born, the father and mother felt that they had already as much laid on them as they could carry. How could they feed

and clothe another ? They almost hoped he would die as soon as born. Instead of having drawers crowded with rich and beautiful gifts, embroidered and wrought by loving and skilful hands, instead of having a great crowd of friends standing ready to greet him and clap their hands for joy, there was no preparation, save to gather a few little cast-off garments of older ones, and no friends ready to welcome "little Benny." His first cry awoke pity in the heart of his mother, but it was almost stifled by the anxious inquiry, "How *can* I take care of another ?"

The poor little fellow stayed in this cold world about three years. Thank God, he never knew that he was not as well off as anybody. But these years were years of neglect, of hunger, of suffering for clothing, suffering from want of care, and from want of judgment in

his parents. A piece of coarse, heavy, black bread, or a cold potato, furnished him many a meal. Perhaps he never tasted butter, and rarely sugar. Candies, playthings, toys, and the like—he never dreamed of such things. He was thin, scrawny, and feeble for want of nourishment that was proper and properly prepared. And now the time came when the little oil in the lamp of life was burned out. I found the little fellow rolling and moaning on his coarse bed, near the hot stove, in the only room in the house, and burning with fever. He seemed to expect nothing, and therefore wanted nothing, save now and then a little water from the tin cup. If a neighbor came in to see him, or to relieve his mother, she was too ignorant of sickness to know what to do, except to guess how long he “would stand it.” They knew nothing how to let in fresh air, to bathe

the hot limbs with tepid water and vinegar; nothing about symptoms, or the necessities of the sick. And so "little Benny" moaned until the soft hand of Mercy closed his eyes in the sleep of death, and his spirit passed away from this world of sorrow and pain, in which he had found so little sunshine. Poor little one.

And then we buried him. At the funeral a few poor neighbors came in. There was no crape on a silver bell-handle, no sweet flowers in his coffin, no plaintive singing by cultivated voices, no rosewood coffin covered with camellias and tea-roses, no carriages waiting at the door; but in the cheapest box, shaped like a coffin, with a scanty piece of a sheet for a shroud, borne in a rude carriage to the grave, he was buried. The poor mother wailed aloud. She had a piece of old, faded crape over her bon-

net by way of mourning. But what could she do? She had no means to procure better. "Little Benny!" he will have no costly stone with his name carved on it. When his mother recalls him, she will not think of him as a plump, well-fed, joyous child, as the little boy so neat in person, so beautifully clothed, so much the admiration of all; but she will remember him as a poor, dirty, ragged child, for whom she knew not how to provide, and for whom she cannot mourn as a mother's heart wants to mourn.

Perhaps the very next day I go to bury another child of about the same age. At the door hang the white and black ribbons; there stands a long row of carriages; in the beautiful coffin, so exquisitely made and trimmed, lies the fair, sweet child, her long lashes drawn over the eyes, her marble hand holding the choicest flowers; the finely en-

graved plate on the coffin, the bearers, with their white gloves, the numerous friends and acquaintances present, the sweet hymns sung, and every thing beautifully completed. Every memory of the child brings up the image of one joyous, full of life and happiness. There are no associations but such as are pleasant.

What a contrast! God pity the poor. I never feel for them as I do when I bury their dead. If their eyes do not weep as other eyes would, it is because want has dried up their tears. I know not how many like poor "little Benny" I have aided to bury, and my experience leads me to say that the world little knows what real sorrows grow directly out of poverty; and that we often blame the poor for not feeling for their children, when the fact is, all their associations with life and death are unpleasant even to memory.

Where to Leave our Troubles.

As the angel of mercy flew over the earth at midnight, he saw so many forms of sorrow, heard so many groans of pain, listened to so many sighs of distress, that his heart was moved and saddened. He went and laid his sadness at the feet of Jesus on the throne.

“Go back,” said the sweet Voice; “go back and visit each one of those sufferers, and see if they need suffer as they do.”

Down again to the earth the swift angel flew, and entered a small, humble dwelling. He paused and stood in the chamber door. On the bed lay a dying father. He was pale and breathed with difficulty. On his breast lay a *great bundle*. It was evident it was very heavy and very oppressive. He could

not get it off. Presently the angel saw a Hand close by the bed holding a large sack in the shape of the human heart, and on it was written, "Cast in *all* thy cares, for he careth for thee." The writing was in letters of light, large and plain. The poor man put his trembling hand into the bundle, and took out a handful marked, "Anxieties for my poor wife." Slowly and trembling he cast it in. Then he took another, marked, "Distress for my orphan children." He threw that also in; and his load was lighter. Once more he took up another parcel, marked, "Oh my aged father and mother." Slowly he dropped it into the sack. Then he seemed to be frightened at what he had done, and tried to reach down and take back these several burdens. But no; the Hand withdrew the sack, and he could not take them back. Then his breathing

became soft and easy, his face lit up with smiles, his heart beat with hope, and he died in peace and joy, casting all his cares on Him who cared for him.

Next the angel of mercy entered a magnificent dwelling. Softly they were treading upon the rich Turkey carpet: with velvet step and low breathing they were gathering around the couch of a beautiful, dying child. Near the little sufferer stood the mother, pale, tearless, wringing her hands in agony. Her child she knew, must die—was dying. Slowly and gently the Hand held up the heart-sack, and she read, “Cast all your cares upon Him, for he careth for you.” In a moment she threw in her sorrows, her griefs, and her agonies; but before she could feel relief she suddenly stooped down and snatched them up again, and laid them on her own heart. A tender Voice seemed to say, “Cast in, cast in,

and thou shalt be comforted." But she would not. She said she *had* cast in all her cares, and wondered why she was not comforted. Poor weeper; she forgot that we must leave our cares with him as well as cast them upon him.

Again, the angel stood in the study of a minister of Christ. It was Sabbath evening, and the wearied man was thinking over the results of another day's sowing, and was crying to his Master, "Lord, who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed? When will the harvest-day come?" The Voice spoke to him, "Be not weary in well-doing;" "in due season you shall reap, if you faint not."

And then he met the physician just entering his home, after having seen nearly forty patients since he last slept. He was worn down. There was an epi-

demic, and the community was filled with terror. What could he do? He had exhausted all his skill. Gently the Hand held up the sack, and he saw written, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." "Cast all your cares upon him."

Then the angel met a little child in the street, sobbing and in tears.

"What is the matter, little one?"

"Oh I can't understand my lesson, and my teacher is not patient with me. I try hard; but I can't get it."

In a moment the Hand drew the sack up to the little one, and the Voice bade him throw in his sobs and his tears.

And the angel saw that in every instance when they cast in their cares and *did not take them up again*, they all were comforted and cheered. They could dry

up their tears, and the smile followed the tear; but when they refused to cast them in, or were unwilling to let them remain after they *had* cast them in, there was no comfort—the Hand withdrew the sack and left the poor sufferer to his sorrows. And as the angel went back to the throne, he brought a loud thanksgiving that there is *one place* large enough to hold all the sorrows of earth, if the poor sufferers would only cast them in and let them remain there.

“Earth hath no sorrows which heaven cannot cure.”

Beware of the Cricket.

It was once a matter of great surprise that a man who had passed through the temptations of youth and early manhood should then fall, become a knave, and

ruin his character; but we have a great many such in our penitentiaries now, and probably many more who ought to be there. When we consider how great is the hunger and thirst for money at the present day, how varied and multiplied are the temptations to dishonesty, perhaps we ought not to wonder at the number of those who cannot resist the temptation. Now and then a grey-headed man will yield, and throw away all the character which his life has earned. The great tempter is a skilful fisherman, who waits long and tries different kinds of bait before he hooks such.

The taking of such makes me think of a good illustration of what I mean, and which I lately saw.

As I was sauntering along by the side of a small stream I came to a high dam, over which the waters came tumbling and foaming and roaring as if suddenly

awakened out of a pleasant sleep, and plunged headlong over the falls. At the foot of the falls was foam, and the waters twisted and eddied here and there, as if frightened at their late plunge; but their surface was smooth, as if they were trying again to become quiet. Just as I reached this place I saw Jem White, a keen old fisherman, creeping along up, and stopping just under the falls. Carefully he fixed his rod and put on his beautiful June-fly, and with a jerk, such as none but an old fly-fisherman understands, he threw it spinning over the water, and carefully made it swim on the top of the water. Scarcely had he done this when a magnificent trout—I had no conception there could be such a fish in the pool—came up and looked at the fly without touching it.

“Aha,” he seemed to say, “you don’t

catch me so ; I am a little too old to be caught in that way. I don't fancy that fly, sir."

Again the fisherman put on another fly and threw it over the pool ; but no, the old trout was not to be caught thus. Then he tried one fly after another till he had used more than a dozen kinds ; but nothing would tempt the old trout. Not a fish nor a sign of a fish could he raise. Carefully laying his rod on the rock, he climbed up the bank, and going off into the lot, he turned up a flat stone, and under it he found two large crickets. One of these he succeeded in capturing. With a peculiar twinkle in his eye, he returned and fixed his cricket on the hook in such a way as not to kill it. Carefully now he threw his line, so gently that the poor cricket seemed to have jumped into the water, and to be swimming for dear life. This was too much.

Pop! up came the old trout and snapped the poor cricket, and in an instant he was hooked, and Jem's eyes twinkled more still as he let him swim here and there, just keeping the line taut, without breaking the delicate thread. Long time he plagued the poor fellow till he was tired out, and then he gently drew him near the shore and caught him in his landing-net, just as the officer catches a rogue after hooking him and letting him have the line a while. He was a very large, old trout, who had resisted the temptation of all sorts of flies and baits and hooks till he saw the live cricket, and the temptation was too great to resist. Poor foolish fish, the fisherman was too much for thee; he knew how to find the very bait that would take thee. And does not the greater tempter thus fit his bait to every one, and find the very cricket that is irresistible?

When I see a man who was accounted honest till he reached a position where he could defraud a bank and become a defaulter for a great sum, I say to myself, "That fellow could not resist the cricket."

And when another seems honest, and like our fish, he has never bit at small things, yet when he becomes a railroad manager, and speculates and steals by the hundred thousand dollars, I feel sure that the cricket must have looked large in his eyes.

How often do we see the boy who means to be noble and manly resisting many temptations, till the cricket is thrown before him in the shape of cigars, or cards, or drinking, or bad company, and then the fish is caught.

How often do we see the little girl amiable, kind, and sweet-tempered till her young companion has received a

prize that she hoped to obtain, or outshone her in a new dress, and then the fish is caught by the cricket.

Oh, ye new bonnets and new dresses, ye lighted cigars, ye places of drink, ye piles of money, what baits ye are in the hand of the great destroyer, with which he catches his fish ! Alas, we know not how strong or how weak we are till the bait is thrown before us, and then it is often too late. Pray, pray earnestly to God that he will give you grace to stand and resist for to-day, and when to-morrow comes offer the same earnest prayer. Beware of the cricket bait.

Climbing and Falling.

ON the banks of a beautiful river stood a large, wide-spreading, and yet lofty tree. The waters that flowed past

it were so pure, and the stream always so full, that the tree was always green, full of leaves, and abounding in fruit. At all times it had fragrant blossoms, whose sweetness filled the air, and at the same time was loaded with fruit that delighted the eye.

At the foot of this tree there lived many nimble, active, and intelligent ants. They were told that the fruit on this tree was most delicious for food, most satisfying to the appetite, and most nourishing to the eater. All around the tree looked poor in comparison with that golden fruit. They knew too that by climbing up into the tree they could have just as much of the fruit as they wanted. Many ants had gone up and reached it, and sent word back for their friends and neighbors to hasten up. By looking upward they could see the golden sunbeams dancing among the green foli-

age, and the fair fruit hanging on every bough. At last they determined that they would leave their old home, and go and live up among this beautiful fruit. So they began to climb up, some going straight upward, and some in a zig-zag course. But it was soon found that they kept slipping and falling down again. Some hardly got started; some up a few feet, and some a little higher; but the result was the same. So I set myself to watch them, and see what the reason could be that they so soon fell back to the place of starting. The first one which I noticed was an old ant, whose joints seemed somewhat stiffened by age, and who came tumbling and rolling down in a hurry.

“What’s the matter with you, friend?”

“Matter enough. I can’t get up, and there’s no use trying. Every time I have tried I have fallen.”

“Well, why do you try to tug up that bit of straw? That’s what tumbles you down. It’s too heavy.”

“*Straw!* Sir, do you call that straw? Why, it’s the *property* I have been all my life earning. There is not another ant under the tree who owns such a property. I *must* carry that, at all events.”

The next ant had got up a little higher, when a light puff of wind blew him off, and he came whirling down.

“Why, my good fellow, do you try to carry that bit of red feather in your mouth? Don’t you see the wind strikes it and upsets you, and tumbles you off.”

“Red feather, you call it? No, sir, that is not its name. It is called *fashion*, sir, among us ants, and the longer the feather the more fashionable is the owner, and I assure you there is no one who can show such a feather as that.

Oh, sir, I can't think of going up and leaving my red feather behind."

The next one that came rolling down fell so hard and kicked so feebly that I really thought he was killed; but he soon picked himself up, and what do you think he had as his load? It was a grain of hard, yellow sand.

"Well, Mr. Ant, you are here, and I see what kept you from going up? but I can't see the use of that grain of sand."

"Sand, sir, sand! No, that is pure gold. There is not another such lump in all antdom. And would you have me go up if I can't carry my gold? I had rather never taste the fruit on this tree."

Down came another, and as he fell I heard a sort of ringing sound. And would you believe it, the fellow had a fiddle in one of his claws.

"Oh dear, I fear I shall never get up. How many times I have fallen. But I

can't go and leave my fiddle. I *must* have my amusements or I can't live; and if I can't carry them with me there is no use in my going."

Then I saw another trying to carry up a little demijohn of brandy—just to give him strength and to enable him to climb the faster. But he hardly began to ascend before he fell to the ground.

Among them was a curious, sly fellow, who seemed to have nothing to hinder him, and yet he could not get up. But on close examination I noticed that he had a small secret vial, in which was a drop of something very black. He tried to hide it, but I caught a glimpse of it, and saw it labelled "secret sin." he toiled and tugged hard, but the vial was too much—he could not get up.

Dear reader, this tree is the Tree of Life; this river is the River of Life; this fruit is communion with God and the

faith that lifts us to heaven. You see the things that keep us from going up and taking of the fruits. We try to carry too heavy burdens. We are not willing to leave the follies and the things of this world behind us. Poor little ants; poor human beings. How much alike.

The Reformed Child's Dream.

The longer we live the more we love, or ought to love, little children. Their joys and sorrows come and go very quickly, but every one leaves some impression which goes into character, and perhaps writes its history on the memory. A cruelty, an unjust accusation, or a severe judgment which the little one cannot argue or even resent, may put a small thorn in the memory which no after years can extract. I sometimes

see these little creatures blind, or deaf, or deformed, and my heart goes out towards them with a sympathy not to be described.

At the door of a small cottage just under the shadow of the great mountain, on a bright morning, sat a poor little deformed child. The children were all gathering towards the small school-house near by, and as they came, with their shouts and ringing laughs, swinging their little dinner-baskets, happy as birds, running and leaping, the poor child turned her mild, large eyes towards them, and covered her face with her apron, and sobbed and wept. She knew that she could never run with them, never go to school, never be one among them. Her journey through life, longer or shorter, must be alone. If the children ever stopped to speak to her, not unlikely before they left they would say some-

thing to remind her of her deformity, and to show that she was not one of them. She had often felt her lowly lot, but never as this morning did it so weigh down her heart. Her widowed mother heard her sobs, and guessed too well what was the cause, and shed new tears for the thousandth time over her only and dear suffering child. She made no attempt to comfort her, she knew she could not.

How long the child sobbed I know not: but some time after, her mother went to her and found her lying on her side, her arm under her head, her kitten asleep near her, and herself sound asleep, with a sweet smile playing on her face. "Poor thing," said the mother to herself, "she has forgotten her sorrows, and it may be she dreams that she is well and running about with other children. But it is only in dreams that my dear

one will ever run. When she has no mother to lift and carry her, what will she do? Oh Father in heaven, why was this poor sufferer born?"

A little after, the child awoke and called to her mother. With a step never slow when that voice was heard, the mother hastened to her.

"Oh, mother, I have had such a beautiful dream! It makes me happy to think of it."

"What was it, my child?"

"I thought I was in a great garden full of roses and tulips and all kinds of splendid flowers. The humming-birds flew among them, the honey-bees sang from flower to flower, and the birds sang in all the trees around the garden. There were fountains of water playing, beautiful paths to walk in, benches and chairs to sit in, and a great multitude of people walking about and admiring the flowers.

Presently the owner of the garden came in, and seeing me, came to me and took me by the hand, and somehow or other I seemed to be able to walk by his side and move as he moved. He showed me the flowers, told me their names, pointed out their beauties and their nature. At length we came to a plant that stood out by itself, near the hedge. It was a green, leafless, shapeless, ugly-looking thing. I wanted to crush it. It was a real deformity, and seemed as if made just to show how ugly it could look. Just as I was going to kick it, the owner held me back. 'Stop,' said he; 'I value that flower above any other one. Watch it.' And as I watched it, I saw its buds grow red, then swell, then open, till out burst the most beautiful flower I ever saw. It was large, red and purple, with long, white petals, as if feeling for the light, and the inside of the flower

looked as if sunset had spread her satin robe there, and had forgotten to take it away. I clapped my hands for delight, and wondered how so much beauty *could* grow out of such deformity.

“‘Oh, sir, what a flower. I never saw so beautiful a thing. What is its name?’

“‘It’s called the *cactus speciosissimus*, my child. There is no flower like it for beauty, or for growing out of such a stalk. Oh, child, do n’t you see how God can make beauty to grow out of deformity? And do n’t you see how, out of your poor body, he can train and bring a character and a soul beautiful as an angel? There is no flower in my garden that I think of and admire as much as this; and depend upon it, there is no child He thinks of more than you. If you will bow to His wisdom, love and obey his Son Jesus Christ, he will bring out of you a character most beautiful.’

Oh, mother, he left me, and I looked again at the cactus, and it was turned into a little girl, and I looked again and saw it was myself. Oh, what a dream ! And Oh, dear mother, I will love Jesus, and never mourn again that I am a poor feeble, deformed child."

Little Nellie.

Sooner or later in the experience of life, we all feel alike. The poor family in the cottage as they bury their dead, and the rich family in the old mansion when death enters there, have the same emotions created. Their tears and their sorrows are the same, coming from the same human heart. And thus the brotherhood of the human family is maintained more by our afflictions than by any thing else. Few can sympathize with

David, the king of a great nation ; but how many can sympathize with him, the father, weeping over his lost Absalom. Few can know how the king felt in his glory ; but when he comes to die—not the king, nor the great warrior, nor the immortal poet even, but “ David, the son of Jesse ”—all can love him then.

I am thinking of a beautiful home which I knew many years ago, in which was so much to make life beautiful. It stood on the bank and overlooked the wide waters, where all forms of shipping, from the huge steamer to the little tow-boat were constantly moving. The sea-gulls flew thick and screamed loud just before the storm, and the sunbeams flashed and twinkled on the silver surface in the calm.

The house was large, handsome, convenient, and had every thing about it to make it pleasant. It stood in the mid-

dle of a gentle sloping lawn, with just enough of ancient trees in clumps to make it a perfect landscape. The walks so tastefully curving and winding through the grounds, the shrubbery seemingly thrown here and there, though according to the highest art, the flowers of all forms and hues; indeed every thing was so complete and perfect that nothing seemed superfluous and nothing wanting.

The family who occupied this beautiful home were educated, wealthy, refined, and most respectable; they were well-bred, generous, and kind; but they had a fulness of every thing, and it seemed as if there could be no tie of sympathy between them and the rest of the world, save the very few who were in like circumstances.

But there was one tie, one chord of sympathy between them and the poor-

est family in the whole neighborhood, and that tie was "little Nellie."

"Little Nellie" was their youngest child; and a sweeter, lovelier specimen of humanity was seldom seen. But "little Nellie" was blind—stone blind, born blind. Not one ray of light ever reached her eyes, and she never knew how the beautiful light or any thing else looked. How tenderly the mother hung over her, watched her, did for her, and loved her with a depth of love which no language can express. She was the centre of all plans and thoughts, and the whole family gathered around "little Nellie" with a tenderness impossible to describe. She was with them six years only, when she opened her eyes in a world where all is light, and no darkness at all.

Down near the water's edge was a fisherman's small, humble home. In

that was a little blind boy just about Nellie's age. These little ones were early brought together, and it was found that there was a mysterious sympathy between them, with which no one could intermeddle. They loved to be together, talk and play together, and neither seemed to know that the one home was any better than the other. A few months before "little Nellie" was called away, they were overheard talking together:

"Tommy, do you know anything what it is to *see*, as my mother does?"

"No, I only feel. I can't see any thing."

"But do n't you wish you *could* see?"

"Why, I do n't know. I should not know how to see, I think."

"Oh, I wish I could see; once, only once, Tommy, and that for a little while."

"What do you want to see so much?"

"Why, my own mother's face."

bestowed upon them taught them to become such blessings to others as the life and death of this dear child. It was "little Nellie's" mission

The Queen's Decision.

ONCE upon a time long ago, the queen of language sent forth a proclamation that on such a day there would be a convention of all classes of people, who might take her trusty servants, the alphabet, consisting of twenty-six letters, and the one who should form the sweetest word should be seated next to the queen, and receive a crown of gold.

Far and wide the proclamation went, and multitudes began to study what word they would form; but lest somebody else should select his chosen word, every one kept silent and only looked

wise, as much as to say, "I know something, if I only chose to tell."

At length the day arrived ; and there was the queen, and there the crown and the alphabet and all the multitude. The question now was, who should first spell what he considered the most beautiful word in the world. So the queen told them all carefully to write their word and fold it up and cast it into a box which she had prepared. She would then draw them out by lot, read the word aloud, call upon the writer to stand up, and she would then decide upon each. So she drew all the multitude close around her ; and all were hushed and silent when she put in her hand and drew out a paper. Upon opening it, she read aloud, "Money."

"Whose is this ?" asked the queen.

"It is mine," said an old, hard-faced miser.

"And why do you think this the sweetest word in human language?" said she.

"Because, madam, money is what all want, all toil for, and all rejoice over. It will buy any thing, do any thing, and as the good book says, 'Money answereth all things.' It is the sweetest word ever spoken."

"I beg leave to differ from you, sir. You pervert the meaning of the good book: you say money will do any thing, and procure any thing; is that so? Will it raise the sick man from a bed of pain? Will it cheer or save the dying man? Will it heal a wounded conscience? Will it restore the dead babe to its mother's arms? Will it open the door of heaven to the soul, or make immortality blessed? No; it is a slippery servant to minister to the wants of the body, or to raise the pride, or to pam-

per the appetites; or a hard master to grind the poor. It is any thing but the sweetest word."

She then put her hand again into the box and drew out a paper on which was written the word "Honor."

"Who claims this?"

"I do," said a fine-looking young man, dressed in splendid military garments.

"And what is your plea for your favorite word?" said the queen.

"Why, madam, it seems to me too plain for argument. The child at school, the boy on the play-ground, the parent in planning for his child, the scholar in wasting life over his books, the sailor risking his life on the stormy ocean, the politician in wrestling for position, and the soldier rushing up to the cannon's mouth—all are witnesses that *honor* is the word, above all others, that is the sweetest to the human ear."

"You plead well," said the queen ;
"but I cannot agree with you. Honor
is a powerful instrument with which to
move men to effort and action ; but you
will notice that it appeals to and cul-
tivates supreme selfishness in the heart,
shuts out domestic affections, tramples
on the most sacred rights of others,
seeks its place through fields of blood,
and often fills nations with wailing. I
cannot allow you the premium, sir."

Again the fair hand of the queen drew
from the box, and on it was written the
word "Love."

"Whose may this be?" asked the
queen in a softened voice.

"Mine, madam," said a young man
whose face was glowing with excite-
ment, while a thousand youths around
him, and as many bright-eyed maidens,
seemed ready to shout.

"And your reasons, sir?"

"It is not a matter of reason, madam, but it is the verdict of the mother over her babe, of that babe as soon as he can return her smile, of the child longing for home, of the widow in her desolation, of youth seeking the dearest friend the earth knows, of age leaning upon the child for support. It is sung in the songs of the birds, echoed in the notes of the mourning dove, and it thrills in the language of every living thing. We have reason to believe that it reaches the angels of heaven."

"A strong plea, certainly," said the queen; "but I must have time to think further upon it before I decide."

Once more she drew from the box, and the word was read amid great silence, "JESUS."

"Whose is this?" said the queen in a low, soft tone.

"I wrote it," said a sweet little girl,

almost sinking under the eyes that were turned upon her.

“And can you, my child, tell me the reason why you think Jesus the sweetest word in the world?”

“No; I only feel so.”

“Truly, little one, you feel right. There is no attribute of humanity, no beauty of character, no greatness in our idea, nothing exalted, refined, gentle, loving or good which is not found in him. There is no language on earth into which Jesus cannot be introduced untranslating. The Jew, the Greek, the Hottentot, and the refined nations of the earth all sing the same name. It is the sweetest word on earth, and probably the sweetest in heaven. Come, little child, and sit by my side and receive this golden crown, faint emblem of the crown which Jesus will one day place upon thy head.”

No Resurrection.

PERHAPS my young reader does not know, as he sees the plain, coarse, sorrel-colored caterpillar creeping on the ground, that this caterpillar has a butterfly within him. And his body is little else than a creeping cradle. And yet it is just so. Those men who are so skilful in dissecting men and animals tell us that in cutting a caterpillar in pieces they can clearly see the form and shape of the butterfly. Perhaps the child does not know that in the fall of the year this little caterpillar creeps up on a small bush, and there weaves around him a sort of shroud, in which he coils up and dies. There he hangs through all the cold snows and storms of winter. The winds rock him, but there is no life apparent. Freezing don't hurt it. Inside of that

little shroud there is nothing but a thick fluid. But when the winter goes past and the warm spring returns, the sun falls upon this apparently dead thing, the shroud bursts open, and out comes, not the caterpillar, but a beautiful butterfly.

There is a still more curious thing connected with our caterpillar. Every thing in the world seems to have some enemy, some destroyer, so that, as the Bible says, "the whole creation groaneth." There is a peculiar kind of *fly* found wherever the caterpillar lives. She has a long tail, and in that tail a little lance or sting, with which she bores a hole. When she sees a caterpillar creeping on the ground, what does she do but pop down and sting the poor fellow in his back. But that is not all ; for in doing this she thrusts a little egg into the body of the caterpillar. Perhaps

near him is another of his race whom the fly did not see. Now the sting pierced the poor fellow, but did not kill him. He creeps along and lives through the summer, and forgets all about the sting. He winds up in the fall and nestles in his shroud just as any caterpillar would. But now look out; that little egg that seemed to be too small to do any hurt, hatches out *in* the caterpillar, and goes to work and eats up the butterfly. So that when the warm sun of the spring comes, and the grass springs up and the leaves burst out of the trees and the flowers open, and when the butterfly *ought* to burst out into life, there is no resurrection for him. He has been destroyed by the sting. Perhaps on a bush close by another hangs, and out of that the beautiful butterfly emerges. Poor fellow. There is however no great harm done. We have a miserable looking fly

instead of the beautiful creature which we should have had. The butterfly seems like an angel beside him.

And may not every child learn a great lesson from this? The Bible tells us that "the hour cometh when they that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, and shall come forth—to the resurrection of life, or to the resurrection of damnation." By the resurrection of the spring we see that it is easy for God to raise the dead grass, the dead leaves, and the dead worm. So it will be easy for him to raise men from the sleep of the grave. But we see that instead of rising a beautiful creation, we may come forth like the fly, hideous and undesired. We have all been stung by sin, and that soul which is within us is destroyed. It is not killed, but so injured that, unless cured of the sting, it will rise to shame and everlasting con-

tempt. And this is what the blessed Redeemer has done: He has provided a cure, so that if we go to him for healing, we shall not come forth out of our graves covered with shame and contempt. The difference between us and the poor caterpillar is this: that while only here and there one is stung, we are *all* stung and poisoned by sin. "The sting of death is sin." While there is no cure for him, there *is* one for us, and an angel form may come out of our coffin. While he has lost only one short life, we shall lose life everlasting. Whenever I see a caterpillar moving along on the ground, I wonder if he is already stung, and the butterfly will have no resurrection. And whenever I see an immortal man I know he has felt the sting of sin, and wonder if he has been to the great Physician for cure, so that he will awake in the likeness of Christ and live in

God's glory for ever. My dear young reader, how is it with you? Has the divine hand of the Son of God taken away the sting, so that you will have part with him in the first resurrection? "Blessed are they who have part in the first resurrection."

Calling the Ferryman.

THEY reached the river, the father and his little daughter, late in the evening. The woods through which they had passed reached to the very brink; and as the night was cloudy and very dark, the woods seemed to render the gloom profoundly deep. Far away on the opposite shore was here and there a twinkling light in the small, scattered houses; while farther off still were the bright lamps of the great city whither they

were going. The little child was weary and sleepy, and chilled by the evening air. Nothing but urgency would have induced the father to be out with her thus. As they came to the ferry, they found the boat over the other side, where the ferryman lived. So the father shouted and called, but no voice answered; then he would walk to and fro, and speak to his child, and try to comfort her; then he would call again and again. At length they saw a little light move, and heard the moving of the boat. Nearer and nearer the noise came; but it was too dark to see the boat. But it came across, and the travellers entered it.

“Father.”

“Well, my child?”

“It’s very dark, and I can’t see the shore where we are going.”

“No, little one; but the ferryman knows the way and we shall soon be

over, and then soon home in the city, where will be light and a good fire."

"Oh, I wish we were there, father."

Slowly and gently the boat swung off in the stream; and though it was dark, and the river seemed to run fast, they were carried safely over, and the child soon forgot her great fear. In a short time after they landed she reached her home, where loving arms received her; where the room was warm with fire and was flooded with light. On the bosom of love she rested, and her chills and terrors passed away.

Some months after this the same little child had come to another river, darker, deeper, and more fearful still. It was the River of Death. When she first came near it the air seemed cold, and darkness covered it, and all seemed like night. The same loving father stood near her, distressed that his child must cross

this river and he not be able to go with her. For days and nights he had been, with her mother, watching over her, and leaving her bedside only long enough to take his meals and pray for the life of his precious child.

For hours she had been slumbering very quietly, and it seemed as if her spirit was to pass away without her waking again; but just before the morning-watch she suddenly awoke, with the eye bright, the reason unclouded, and every faculty alive. A sweet smile was playing on the face.

"Father, I have come again to the river-side, and am again waiting for the ferryman to come and carry me over."

"Does it seem dark and cold as it did when we crossed the river?"

"Oh no. There are no dark, gloomy trees here. The river is not black, but covered with floating silver. The boat

coming towards me seems to be made of solid light; and though the ferryman looks dark, I am not afraid of him."

"Can my child see across the river?"

"Oh yes; but instead of the little twinkling light here and there, as before, I can see a great, beautiful city, flooded with light and glory. I see no sun and no lamp, no moon or stars; but it's full of light. Ah, I hear music too coming softly over the river, sweet as the angels could make."

"Can you see any one on the other bank of the river?"

"Why, why, yes. I see One, the most beautiful form I ever saw; and what a face! what a smile! And now he beckons me to come. Oh ferryman, make haste. I know who it is. It is Jesus—my own blessed Jesus. I shall be received into his arms; I shall rest in his bosom."

“Is my little daughter afraid?”

“Afraid, dear mother? Not a bit. I think of my Psalm: ‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.’”

And thus she crossed the dark river, made like a silver stream by the presence of the blessed Redeemer. The father and mother wept, but joy and sorrow mingled in their tears. They could almost see the golden gates open to receive their loved one; and they then understood the words of the prophet, “The child shall die a hundred years old.”

The Wood-Thrush.

THE visitor of our great American forests is often surprised at the new, curious, and often startling noises around him. In the evening is a long-drawn, lonely cry of the loon, so different from his wild shriek when on the wing; then when all is still, and every leaf is hanging motionless, the owl will often break out close to you with a loud, hoarse voice, sometimes hooting, and sometimes laughing. Just after sunset the blue heron swings his ungainly body with his unmusical notes, on his way to his dry tree for the night; and from the top of the rocks in the water the white gulls will scream, as if trying to wake up a storm. The very hoarse raven stands on the pine-tree top, and utters his call; and the pump-puddler sucks his water,

seems to strangle and choke, and pump with loud agony. The wolf in the forest howls in tones so varied that each one seems to be at least a dozen. The panther utters his peculiar scream, making the deer in his hearing to scamper with all speed. Then there is the sharp whistle of the fish-hawk sailing round his huge nest on the top of the broken-off tree, the long, cat-like scream of our great eagle, and the roar of a thousand bull-frogs, the squeal of the musk-rat, and the horse-like whinnoy of the otter. All these voices are wild, coarse, and designed for calls and warnings of danger. There is not one of them that is not harsh and unmusical.

But among all these varied and curious voices there is one little dweller in the forest, wild, solitary, seldom seen, who is a most extraordinary exception: I mean the wood-thrush. There are

more than forty little warblers, or whistlers in our forests, such as the tib-tib" sitting on the very summit of the fir-balsam and uttering his own name, and the yellow-throat, the black-breast, and the hermit-thrush, who has often had his name applied to the wood-thrush. His notes are of the sorrowful kind. But all these are forgotten when you hear the wood-thrush. Sit down just as the sun sets, and as the twilight settles over the green forest, turning every thing into darkness, from the thickest shades his song bursts upon your ear—sweet beyond all expression. Generally there are about three who get within hearing distance, and when one has finished his song the second takes it up, and so the third. No three are equally sweet, but among them there is always one that is inimitably sweet. I can compare it to nothing unless it be silver

balls poured into cups of gold, clear, ringing, tender, and sweet. I know not why, but on hearing the dear little fellow, I always feel sad—the song is so unearthly, so unlike any other forest-notes, so suggestive of the wonderful pipes perfect within him the day he was created. How a little thrush so small could be made so unlike all the dwellers around him, is a deep mystery. I can remember no other songster that begins to utter notes so sweet. They break upon the ear from the deep recesses of the forest like the notes we might suppose we should hear if an angel were tuning his harp, and we were hearing the vibrations of the strings. I think of him as something hardly belonging to this world.

And for whose ear were those solemn, weird notes created? Not one in ten thousand of them ever falls on a human

ear. And of those who do listen to them, very few seem to appreciate them. Like the wild flowers that grow far up in the clefts of the mountains or in the depths of the wilderness, they seem created for somebody besides us. And when we read that "the Lord rejoiceth over his works," may we not understand that the same beautiful things that please our eyes, and the same sweet notes that captivate our ears, please him? It is almost an instinct of our nature to place flowers on the altars of the Lord, as if they were pleasing to him; and when I have been listening to the evening song of the wood-thrush, I have felt a kind of awe, as if those wonderful notes were not made for me, but that this was the evening hymn which the little bird was pouring out for the ear of God. And I have felt too that if I and the rest of us should do as much as he, in proportion to our

intelligence and accountability, we should do much to show forth his praises. There is no beauty in the form or the color or the flight of our thrush. All his glory is concentrated in his throat, and condensed in this one talent of song. Oh, lovely bird, thou never inquirest whether mortal ears are near to hear thy notes or praise thy song, but when the hour of praise returns thou art ready to offer thine incense of praise; and I will learn of thee that there is ever an ear open to hear the lowliest praise, and an eye to see the most retired of his creatures, and I hear thee say, Behold the fowls of the air, and learn of them.

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